

SHEPHEARDS

HOLY-DAY.

A PASTORALL TRAGE COM ADIE.

ACTED BEFORE BOTH THEIR MAIESTIES AT WHITE-HALL, by the Queenes Servants.

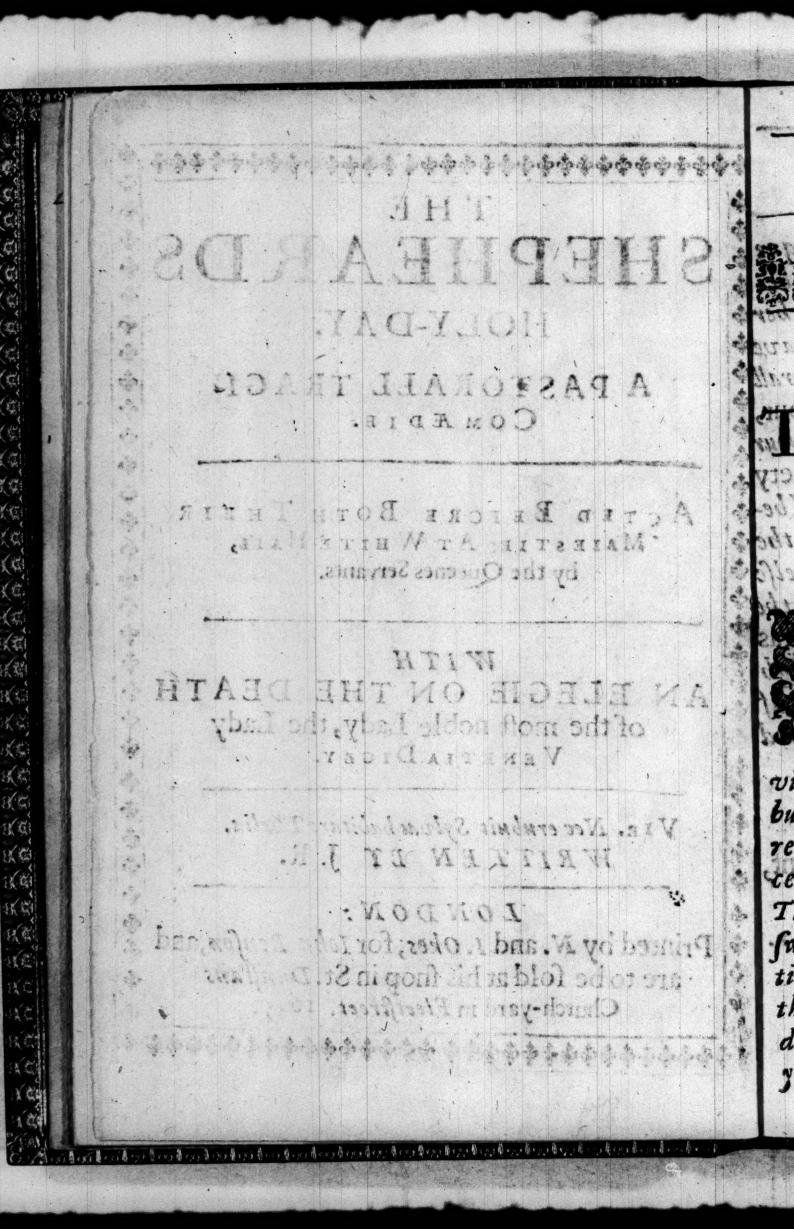
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WITH AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH of the most noble Lady, the Lady VENETIA DIGBY.

VIR. Nec erubuit Sylvas habitare Thalia. WRITTEN BY J. R.

LONDON:

Printed by N. and 1. Okes, for Iohn Benson, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstans Church-yard in Fleetstreet. 1635.





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NOBLE SITKENELME DIGBY, K.

and inputatels.

affect their place of birth. Fire fain'd to be stolne from Heaven, of its owne to be stolne from Heaven, of its owne Manuer tends upwards. The Soule of Man desires to be united with the Divine Essence from whence it is derived. Tis then but reason that these Poems should of themselves returne to you, by whose influence they were conteived; Both of them being borne in your house: The one whilst I admir'd the serenity, and sweetnesse of your disposition: the other when I kept time with your greife, which you tooke for the losse of that noble Lady, your deare wife: So that now I doubt whether I may call my selfe the Author, or you. At least, if this be my worke, I am yours: And

The Epistle, &c.

could my capacity have reacht those Heroique vertues, which in the time of my attendance I beheld in you, I might perhaps have dar'd a higher flight, and from the huble straine of shepheards, have growne up to you, as you are, the subject of all morall vertues: I shouldh ha' then describ'd your valour, and Industry, and Prudence in your actions at sea, your Bounty still exercised in the right place, your Piety low in the memory of your deceased Lady, of whom, (be-by th sides the Monument you have erected to her,) the hat statues and picturesyou have, and what ever else Pr w might render her, testissie what a value you set on the ind r originall. Vxorem enim vivam amare voluptas Now est defunctam religio. But these aymes are too high You for me, yet may you somewhat raise my thoughts, if and v you descend to keepe these in your esteeme, and Ind ! with them,

Your true fervant,

This Offic

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And

Jos. RVITER.

() *** To my deare Sonne, and right-learned Friend, Mafter JoSEPH RVTTER. Tou looke, my foseph, I should something say Unto the world, in praise of your first Play: ve And truely, so I would, could I be heard. You know, I never was of Truth afeard, and leffe asham'd; not when I told the crowd ty low well I lov'd Truth: I was scarce allow'd e-by those deepe-grounded, understanding men, he that sit to censure Playes, yet know not when, Ge or why to like; they found, it all was new, he and newer, then could please them, by-cause trew uch men I met withall, and so have you. as Now, for mine owne part, and it is but due, You have deferved it from me) I have read, if and weigh'd your Play : untwifted ev'ry thread, nd and know the woofe, and warpe thereof; can tell Where it runs round, and even : where fo well, o foft, and imports it handles, the whole piece, As it were foun by nature, off the fleece: This is my certifie. Now there is a new nt, Office of Wit, a Mint, and (this is true) Cry'd up of late: Whereto there must be first Master-worker call'd, th'old standerd burst Of wit, and a new made : a Warden then, And a Comptroller, two most rigid men for order, and for governing the pixe, A Say-master, hath studied all the tricks

Of Finenesse, and alloy: follow his hint,
Yo'have all the Mysteries of Wits new Mint,
The valuations, mixtunes, and the same
Concluded from a Carract to a dramme.

Ben. Ionson.

To my much respected Friend, Master Ioseph Rutters upon his Pastorall.

Lo

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Ap

due

Hy should I vainely strive to vindicate Thy fame, or feare thy well-writ Poems fate? Why should I wrong the age, to thinke a straine So clearely lweete, so elegantly plaine, Should be militaken? that a Reader, though Not of the best, who judge because they know, But of the venturing ranke, should therefore cease To praise, because he understands with ease ? 1911 Because he is not puzled, but may finde A quicke delight, fuch as should moove the minde In Playes or Pattoralls, whose gentle straines. Should not perplexe, but recreate the braines? Can unjust ignorance offer fo much Wrong to it selfe? yet I have heard that such, For whom no language can be plaine enough, Praise nought but intricate and clouded stuffe, As if that conscious to their owne weake sence, Because they know not perfect Eloquence, And yet would leeme; they thinke that best must be, That's farthest off from their capacity. Let such, if such there be, have their desire; And, though nor pleas'd, nor profited, admire. I wish who ere shall read thy fweetest straine, May love the Authours skill that made it plaine, And so be just both to himselfe, and thee: But I'le no more anticipate, nor be Tedious in censure; to that Worthy's breast, I o whom thou send'st thy Booke, I leave the rest. Thomas May.

The Prologue for the Stage.

O this faire Company I am to fay, (play, You're Welcome all, to a well meaning For fuch our Author made it, with intent To defame none. His Muse is innocent, A Virgin yet, that has not found the wayes Out of toule crimes to raise her selse a prayse; And therefore She desires, you would excuse All bitter straines, that suite a Satyr Muse: And that which so much takes the Vulgar Eare, Loosenes of speech, which they for jests do heare; She hopes none such are here, therfore she dares Venter this story, purg'd from lighter ayres: A piece intire, without or patch, or maime, Round in it selfe, and every where the same. And if there be not in't, what they call wit, There might have bin, had it bin thought so fit. A Shepheards Muse gently of love does sing, And with it mingles no impurer thing. Such she presents vato your eares, and eyes, And yet your Christian freedome not denies Ofliking, or difliking what you will, You may fay this is well, or that is ill, Without dispute; for why should you that pay For what you have, be taught what you should Or made to judge by any square, or rule, (say, As if you came not to a Stage, but Schoole?

The Prologue Conthe

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No, he that made it, sayes, if you will eate;
He will not force your stomackes, there's your
Which if you like its well, if not, all's one, (meat,
There must be difference in opinion; night
Besides, he's sure what ever hee could wish,
Your taste, and not his Art must praise the dish.

The Persons of the Play
Thyrsis, the Lover of Sylvia.
Hylas, the Lover of Netina.
Mirtillus, the common Lover.
Daphnis, the rich Shepheard.
Montanus, an ancient Shepheard.
Charinus, Father to Nerina.
Alcon, an ancient Shepheard.
Nuntius.

Chorus of Shepheards.

Sylvia, below'd of Thyrsis.

Nerina, a huntresse, below'd of Hylas & of Daphnis.

Dorinda, enamored of Daphnis.

Delia, a Court Lady.

Euarchus, King of Arcady.

Eubulus, his Counsellor. The Scene Arcady.

Eubulus, his Counsellor.

The Scene Arcady.

THE SHEPHEAR DS

ACTVS. 1. SCENA 1.

H

Thyrsis, Montanus. Ere in this Grove I left her, here amongst These Poplars, Laurells, and these Sycamores Guilty of her fad losse: And yet behold They doe appeare as fresh and full of verdure, As when my Love cloth'd in her clearest lookes, Did give them grace and lustre: Why do we Poore filly men bred up in cares, and feare, The Nurse of our Religion, stoope to Nature, That onely knowes to forme, not to preserve What she has made, since carelesse ofher workes She leaves to giddy Fortune the whole power Of ruling us: These senselesse Trees stand still. And flourish too, and in their pride upbraide My losse to me; but my deare Sylvia being Natures best peece, made to excuse the rest Of all her vulgar formes, ay me! was left To desolation, till some horrid Satyr Bred in these Woods, and furious in his lusts

Made

The Shepheards Holy-day.

Made her his prey, and now has carried her Into his darke retirings, or some Cave Where her poore Thyrsis never more shall see her.

But I will be reveng'd, this Wood that now
Is so bedeckt with leaves and fresh array,
Ile levell with the ground, untillit be
As desolate as I.

Mon. Alas poore shepheard!

Thy. It shall affoord no shade to any thing That hither us'd to come for its releife; But henceforth be for ever infamous: That when some gentle shepheard passes by, And sees this ground rent with the crooked plough, Here, he may say, here 'twas that Sylvia Was lost, and then shall turne another way.

Mon. Good Thyrsis, do not make so much of griefe, Y'have fedit with too many teares already,

Take comfort now.

Thy. What has my present state
To doe with comfort? if you see the trees
Widdow'd of leaves, the earth growne hard, and spoild
Of the greene mantles which she wont to weare,
You wonder not if winter then appeare.

Mon. By these we know that season.

Thy. And must I,

When she is gone, whose Sun-like eyes did cherish An everlasting Summer in my life, Feele any spring of joy to comfort me?

N

No father, griefe with me is best in season. (flock? Mon. But whilst you mourne thus, who looks to your Thy. All as the shepheard is, such be his flocks, So pine and languish, they, as in despaire He pines and languishes, their fleecy locks Let hang disorder'd, as their Masters haire, Since the is gone that deskt both him, and them. And now what beauty can there be to live When the is loft that did all beauty give? Mon. But yet, mee thinks, for one that is a stranger, Scarce knowne to any here, but by her name, These plaints are overmuch : besides there are In fruitfull Aready asfaire as the, I'me fure more rich and wife, make out of them A choise. Nerinais as faire as she, Dorinda's flocks are more then Silvia's, And carry on their backs more would then hers. Thy. Let such base Pesants, as the Gods do hate, Admire their wealth, and them, for what they have, Their bodies, and their foules materiall Alike, of droffie fubitance are compounded, And can contemplate nothing but the earth. No, Silvia, whom some better God (perhaps For the reward of my well tuned pipe) Sent downe to me made up of ayre, and fire, Though fince, because I knew not how to use With faire respect a gift so great as she, Has justly reft her from me, is so much,

So

So great a part of me, that in her absence, Amidst my griefe I feele some little joy, To fee how much of me each minute wasteth. And gives me hope that when I shall dissolve This earthly substance, and be pure as the (For fure the Godshave taken her undefil'd) I may injoy her lookes, and though it be Prophane to touch a hallowed thing like her, I may adore her yet, and recompence With my religion the proud thoughts I had once to injoy her. Mo. See how fond you are T'embrace a shadow, and to leave the substance. The love of Hylas to Nerina has More hopesthen yours; though she be youg and coy Yet whilft Nerina is, and Hylas too, One time or other, they may both have joy

One time or other, they may both have joy

Thy. May they prove happy in each others love,
And nothing please, but what each other do,
For so liv'd Thirsis and his Silvia,
Whillt Silvia was, and Thirsis was her love,
What ever Thirsis pip'd pleased Silvia,
Thirsis admird what ever Sylvia sung
And both their joyes were equall, or but one,
Well I can now remember (and it is
Some comfort to remember what I moane)
That when our loves began, how first I gaz'd
On her,, and she was pleased that I should looke

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Till greedily I had devour'd the hooke.;
Love gave me courage then to speake my thoughts,
And gave her pitty to receive my words,
They linkt our hearts together: from that time
When ere she saw me strike the furious Boare,
(Though then my case she ru'd, and sigh'd full oft)
Yet was she pleas'd to see my victory,
And I receiv'd my vigour from her eye.
Then would she make me Chaplets of the best
And choicest slowers to adorne my head:
Which when I wore, methought I then did graspe
The Empire of the world; but what of that?
The more I then enjoy'd of heavenly blisse,
The more my present griefe and passion is.

Mon. Well Thyrsis, since my words doe but renew

Mon. Well Thyrsis, since my words doe but renew The story of your griefe, I'le leave to use Perswasions to you; for 'tis time I see,
And not my words, must cure your maladie

Exit.

Thy. That time must put a period to my life, Or else it never will unto my griefe:
Come Boy, and under this same hanging bow,
The note which thou attemperst to my words,
Sing, and be happier then thy Master, Boy.

Boy. SHall I because my Love is gon,

Till

Which

Which to a ble sed union
Strooke our two loving hearts,
Since Fortune, and not Love bath caused my moane?

No, her pare Image I shall prize,
Imprinted in my brest,
More then the fairest Mistresseeyes.
That ever Swaine posses,
Which in eternall bonds my fancie tyes.

Come then you harpest griefes, and try

If you can pience my heart,

But use, if you would have me dye,

The best you can of Art,

To wound a breast so arm'd with constancy.

Thy. Enough: I'le ligh the rest out: Goe my boy.

Be carefull of thy tender Lambes, whilst I

Seeke out some hidden place to pine and dye.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Hylas, Mirtillus.

B Eleeve Mirtillus, never any love
Was bought with other price then love alone,
Since nothing is more precious then it selfe.
It being the purest abstract of that fire,
Which wise Prometheus first indu'dus with;

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And he must love that would be lov'd againe. Mi. Why? who can say Mirtillus does not love, Mirtillus, he who has imploy'd his youth Ever in service of the fairest Nymphs. Hy. Mirtillus cannot love. Mi. No, gentle Hylas? This Ribband, and this haire you fee me weare Are they not ensignes of a lover? say What shepheardesse whom ever Swaine thought faire, Has not Mirtillus courted, and obtaind Some favour from ? but you will thinke because I do not fold my armes, and figh, and spend The dayes the Gods have given me to rejoice, In whining passion, walking still alone, Now proud with hopes, then cast downe with despaire, Unequall to my selfe in every thing, I cannot love. No, Hylasaknow I love Dorinda, Cloris, Amarillis, all Whom ever love did to his Altars call: And when this Mistresse frownes, I am content To take another, when that flame is spent By time, or put out by a Rivall, straite A third hipplies her place, perhaps more worthy, Islesse, because she loves, He thinke her so. Hy. Alas, Mirtillus, I doepitty thee, Pittie the error which thou wandrest in, That thinkst thou lov'st and know'st not what it is, Mi. Why what is love fay you, if mine be not?

Hy.

Hy. I know Mirtillus, that no lover yet Purchaf'd a lasting pleasure without griefe; For love has gallinit, as well as honie, And so compounded, that who so ere will take The sweetes of it, must take the bitter too. Out of both which is made our constancy, You that embrace the false delights alone, Are a faign'd lover, or more truly none. Mi. I know not what you meane by constancy, I'me sure Lloue the fairest. Hy. Still you erre, For if you lov'd the fairest, none had bin The object of your choise but my Merina,

Nerina, the theglory of these woods The only subject of all shepheards fong.

Mi. She has her share of beautie with the rest, And I confesse she's fit for love as any; But why she onely should take up your breast, And thut out all that have a right as good, Whose equall, or transcendent beautie pleades As just a title to't, as hers can do, I cannot reach the reason, but admire Your faith, and what you praise, your constance, with

Hy. Mirtillus, though I know your stubborn heart Could never entertaine a loversthought, Yet did I thinke you would have bin more tender How you prophan'd a name so sacred as Nerina's is, whom never any Swaine

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Nor rurall God, nor Satyr, though he be
Of favage kinde would ever violate;
Nerina in whose forme love ever dwells
Attended by the Graces, which do range
Themselves in order bout her comely face,
Whose breasts without are hills of whitest snow,
Within the seath of blamelesse modestie,
Regard of honor, and pure chastity
Nor may achoose thought ever harbor there
To tempt such lovers as you seeme to be.
Isid for that you slight her?
Mi. No. I love her

Mi. No, I loue her

As I do others, with whom I compare her.
But you that loue with such intemperance,
Make of your love a glasse, wherein you see
Each thing much greater then indeed it is:
My loves to bot for any to endure:
Yours is too hot for any to endure:

A mestic perhaps 'twixt these I might approve

Hy. You might, if there were any meane in love:

Mi. But whilft we talke thus, see, the flame has caught your beauteous flame Nerious at hand (you, Dorinda with her, dare yourstay th'encounter.

Hy. No let's with draw, and watch her where she gos. SCENAIII.

Merina ; Dorinda.

Dorinda, I have milt the chafe to day, Such is my chance, and he that lodg'd the deere,

Told

Told me it was the fairest in these Woods.

Do. The Gods doe love you sure, that have lest
Your thoughts so free for sport; mine are not so.

No. Thou art in love, I warrant, art thou not?

Do. That angry God pursues me in his sury,
And forces me to love where I am scornid.

Haplesse Dorinda, why should he despise thee?

Many a Swaine, and many a rurall God
Have sought thy favors, and have sought in vaine,
Now thou art justly punisht with discained not have so the same of some them.

No. Trust me Sweet-heart, I cannot choose but worther,

To thinke that one of such a comely grace of (I doe not flatter you) could suc to any
For love, who are much fitter to be lov'd:
Scorne him asmuch as he does thee, for men
Love us no more, when we love them agen.

It may warne other Nymphs by my example
How they professe their loves to any man:
I'me past the cure, he that wounded me,
Has left me quite disarm'd, and robb'd me of
All those defensive arts which men will say
Are naturall and proper to oursexe:
I cannot change a face, or weepe one teare,
Or laugh against my will, so violently
My Fate hath thrust me to this love, that all
My faculties confesse their weaknesse, and
My flame is got so much above my reach,

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The Suite Hearns Holy day.

can not put it out, nor smother it. Me. Alas poore wench; tell me who is the man lade up of le much rigid cruekty hat I may thun him wherefore I goe. Do, Do not you know him? Me. No. Do. I heare he books at a rist to read o every Chepheard, and to every Nymph, low much I love him to that the on the wite sing Me. Then it must be Daphnie. Do. Venus forgive me, if I do disclose him, But he will do't himselfe : Tishe Werina. Me. Depleme that woes my father to win me, le is my daily fuitor, now I know low much he owes to pitty; and to thees: Untill he pay that debt I shall despise him. Do. Why, do not you love him as much as I?] Me. Love him ' I know no greater milery, Then to love one that's not of humane race, A Tyger rather, but a Tygeris More milde then he. will no I want to Had He Do. For loves fake fay not fo. He has a manly feature, and does theve As much of grace in his comportment, as The best of shepheards can, him Titen made Of better clay, then he did other men: Although his heart be flint, and hardest rocke.

Yet is his heart fo hard, or are my parts

Rather

Rather unequall to his high deferts? For he can love I fee, fince you he loves, And you deferve it: had he thought me worthy, He would have lov'd me too; but as I am Worthlesse Dorinda, I am made his scorne, And I had rather be fo, then Nerina Should want a servant such as Daphnis is. Me, Pretheeno more of him, I hate his nam As much, as I would do the loffe of honor, Which he injuriously would rob me off. No, no, Dorinda, if by love I be Inshrald to any, Daphnis is not he. Do. Why, is there any can deserve you me Me. Yes many, that I could tell how to love Rather then him: for why should I love him Whilst Hylas lives and languishes for med Hylas who lov'd me in my infancy, And being then a boy was never well If I was absent, nor indeed was I Content with any but his company. Our flocks still fed together, I on him, And the on me did feed his greedie eyes. Since though his yeares have tild him man, he h Continu'd that first love with such respects So full of innocence and simple truth, That how foere my outward coynesse is, My heart within tells me, 'tis onely his: Ay me! my father! prithee let's away.

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Do. Bee Daphnie comes with him for loves fake stay.

SCENA QVARTA.

Hylas , Mirtillus, Charinus , Daphnis.

An be as cruell to his flocks and him, As he has bin to me.

Mi. Go, leave your curling, and follow her, let me alone with him.

Cha. Ha ! have I found you? Hoh! Nerina, stay, our father calls you; was not that my daughter hat made away so fast?

Mi. Who, she thats gon?

eleeve your eies no more, they are false to you.
ould you take one for her, thats nothing like her.
was Cloris went from us.

Cha. Ist possible?

Mi. Tistrue.

Do

Da. I thought, that it had bin my love.

Cha. I durst have sworne that she had bin my daughter, I hat made she here? Twill nere be otherwise; oung women will be chatting with young men, I hat ere their father say. It was not so When I was young, a boy, as you are, shepheards.

Mi. We eare not men with him, till after fiftie.

Cha. We never durst keepe company with women, sor they with us, each one did carefully

Attend

The SHEPH BARDS Holy day T

Attend his charge : And when the time was 65 mel . O. That we grew ripe in yeares, and were staid youths, Our Fathers would provide us wives we did not Carve for our selves, as now a daies they doe: But now our children thinke themselves as wife. Nay wifer then their Fathers, and will rule 'em: They can no fooner peepe out of the thell, to an But they must love for sooth; I would faine know Whether 'twere fit a Maide should be in love, (I speak now of that skittish girle my daughter Before The aske her Fathers leave and liking? Da. Tistrue Charinas, twere nothe indeed? Who should bestow the daughter, but the Father? Mi. But Shepheards did you never heare, thatonce There was an Age, the nearest to the Gods: An age we rather praise then imitate; When no mans will, nor womans was inforc'd, To any bent, but its owne motion: Each follow'd Natures lawes, and by instinct Did love the fairest, and injoy'd their wishes; Love then not ty'd to any interest Of blood or fortune, hastned to his end, Without controll, nor did the Shepheard number Her sheepe that was his choice, but every grace That did adorne her beauteous minde or face: Riches with love then were not valued. Pure uncompounded love, that could despise The whole worlds riches for a Mistresse eyes.

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The Shepheards Holy-day.

Pray tell me Daphnis, you are young and handsome, The lover of our fairest Nymph Nerina: Would you for all that fruitfull Sicilie Can yeeld, or all the wealth of Persia, Change one poore locke of your faire Mistresse haire, Whilst she is yours, and you her shepheard are. Da. Would she were mine, I'de aske no portion. Mi. Spoke like a Lover of the ancient stampe. Cha. Sonne, sonne, she shall be yours : why?am not I Her Father, she my daughter; may not I Bestowher where I please? Mi. Yes if she like The man, she will bestow her selfe, ne're feare it.' Cha. What? she bestow herselfe without my leave? No, no, Mirtillus, you mistake my daughter. I cannot get her once to thinke of marriage, And truely I do mufe to fee a wench, That in all other things (although I fay it) Has wit at will, can pin her sheepe in fold As well as any, knowes when to drive them home: And there she can do twenty things as well: Yet when I speake to her of marriage, She turnes the head, shee'le be a Dryade, she Or one of those fond Nymphs of Dians traine. Mi. Old man, believe her not, she meanes not so, She loves to keepe the thing for which the is So much belov'd, I meane her Maidenhead; Which, whilst she has, she knowes to play the Tyrant, And

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And make us flaves unto her scornefull lookes:
For beauty then it selfe most justifies,
When it is courted, if not lov'd, it dies.
Cha. Well, we will thinke of this: Come Daphnis, come.
I see you love my daughter, and you onely
Shall have her, it is I that tell you so,
That am her Father.
Da. Thanke you good Charinus:
But I had rather she had told me so.

ACTUS SECUND. SCENA PRIM.

Thyrsis, Montanus.

To them Mirtillus.

As ere he did, and through the trembling aire
Coole Zephyrus with gentle murmuring
Breath'd a new freshnesse on each Tree and Plant:
My Kids as gamesome too, as ere they were;
All shew a face of gladnesse but my selfe.

Mon. And why not you aswell by their example?
Thy. Not in this life, here joy would be untimely:
The Gods reserve for me their comforts in
Th' Elyzian fields, or else they mocke my sorrows.

Mon. O say not so, they're just and pittifull.

Thyr. They are, but Father, (so I still must call you)

When in the sadnesse of my soule Faskt Before the Altar of our great Apollo, What should become of me, or where my love Bright Silvia was, whether alive or dead, Why should the Oracle reply, Goe home, Thou shalt enjoy thy Silvia? Mon. What more could you Defire to heare? Th. I, but when greedily laskt the time, the answere was, That day Thou art not Thirks, nor she Silvia. Then in this life I'me fure it must not be, For I was Thyrsis ever call'd, and she Knowne by no other name then Sylvia. Mon. It may be for your importunity You might deserve this answere, or else is it Because the Gods speake not their mysteries To be conceiv'd by every vulgar sence? I now remember what Acrisius, The wife and vertuous Acrifius Was wont to fay. Th. Why? what said he? Does it concerne me ought? Mon. It may do fonne, He bid us flie all curiofitie. Seeking to know what future time may bring To us, which onely Gods above do know, And if at any time they do impart

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This

This knowledge unto us, it is inwrapt In such a mist, as we shall neere see through it: Because, said he, we have enough to doe With what is present: the celestiall powers Would not cut of our hopes, nor multiply Our cares, by shewing us our deltinie. Thy. Oh this discourse to a despairing lover, What comfort does it bring? for heavens fake leave it, And me; for I am best, I finde, alone: Yet stay, there's something that I faine would aske you: You faid this Circle here about my necke Has fo continu'd from my infancie, When first you tooke me up. Mon. Tis true, that Circle Hung loofely then about your necke, which fince Is filld withit. I left it there, because I faw fome letters that were wrought about it. Thy. And may they not be read? Mon. I thinke they may: But I could never finde fo greate a Clerke, As could tell how t'expound the meaning of them. Thy. My life is nothing but a Mystery; That which I was, and that which I shall be, Is equally unknowne. Now, if you'le leave me Unto my thoughts, they'le keepe me companie. Mon. I will, but here is one come to supplie me. Enter to him Alirtillus.

Mi. I, let me alone.

Sings.

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Sings. E that mournes for a Misteris, When he knows not where she is, Let him kiffe her shaddow faire, Or ingender with the ayre; Or see if with his teares he can Swell at an ebb the Ocean: Then, if he had not rather die, Let him love none, or all as I.

This is the doctrine that I ever taught you, And yet you profit not; these scurvy passions Hang on you still: You that are yong and active, That may have all our Nymphs at your devotion, To live a whining kind of life as this, How illit does become your Th. True Mirtillus,

And yet I doe not envie thee the pleasure, Thou halt in thy dispers'd affections.

M. You would, if your head were right once; but love, Your love does make an Asse of all your reason.

Th. Sure, a true lover is more rationall

Then you, that love at randome every where.

Mi. I doe not thinke fo; all the reason love Has left you, to imploy in this discourse,

Will hardly bring me to confesse it to you.

Th. Why? all mens actions have fome proper end, Whereto their meanes and strict endeavours tend:

Elfe

Else there would be nought but perplexitie In humane life, and all uncertaintie. Mi. Well, what will you inferre on this? Thy. That you, Who know no end at all of wild defire, Must in your wandring fancie lee this way Leads unto madnesse; when too late you finde That nothing fatisfies a boundlesse minde. Mi. I, but I do confine my selfeto two, Or three at most; in this varietie I please my selfe, for what is wanting in One, I may finde it in another. Th. No. Not in another, one is the onely Centre of the over The line of love is drawne to, must have all Perfections in her, all that's good and faire, Or else her Lover must beleeve her so. Mi.I, there's your error, that's the ground of all Your teares, and fighs, your fruitlesse hopes and feares, When the perhaps has not fo much t'adorne her As the least grace your thoughts beltow upon her. Th. Well, be it so; and yet this faire Idea Which I have fram'd unto my felfe, does argue

Vertue in me; so that if she be lost,

Because the Character is indelible,

Or dead, (ay me! the fad remembrance of

Writin my heart, and heaven is witnesse toit.

My Sylvia causes this) yet I must love,

Mi.

The Swepheards Holy-day.

Mi. Well, I'leno more of this, I'le be converted, Rather then call this griefe to your remembrance. Th. Why? doft thou thinke I ever shall forget her? Or that where ere I fet my carefull foote, As in this place, will it not tell me, that Here Sylvia and I walkt hand in hand, And here she pluckt a flower, and anon She gave it me; and then we kiss't, and here We mutually did now each others love? Mi. Nay leave good Thyrsis, I did come to tell you, This holy-day our Royall Prince Enarchus Being remov'd to his house here necre adjoyning, Sent to command us to attend his person, With all our sports and wonted merriment, Wherein you alwaies bore the chiefest part. And I have heard, ('tis not to make you blush) The Princesse has commended your rare Art And hansome graces, which you gave your Musicke. Come, you must goe with us, for Hylas is So farre ingag'd in love, and neere his hopes, He will not stirre unlesse his Mistresse goe. Thy. Alas Mirtillus, I have broke my Pipe, My fighs are all the mulicke which I now

My lighs are all the mulicke which I now
Can make, and how unfit I am t'attend
So great an expectation, you may fee.
Yet give me leave to thinke on it, at night

Perhaps Ile goe with you.

The

The gentlest youth that ever plaid on Pipe: But see, who's here? oh, 'tis my other Lover, His Mistresse with him, I will not disturbe him.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Nerina, Hylas, Mirtillus.

She Hepheard, I would you'd leave to follow me.

Shy. How can I sweetest, when my heart is with you?

No. With me? then tell me where, and see how some

I shall restore it you.

Aside.

Mi. Oh, this is fine.

Hy. It hangs upon your eies, where being scorcht With their disdaine, and dazel'd with their lustre, It slies for ease unto your rosie lips.

But beaten thence with many a harsh deniall,

Faine would it come for better harbour here,

But here for ever it must be an Exile:

For pittie then faire Nymph, receive it you;

And if you can, teach it the hardnesse of

Your owne, and make it marble as yours is.

Mi. I see he is not such a Novice as

I tooke him for; he can tell how to speake.

Ne. Well, if my heart be such as you will make it,

I am so much the gladder; that it is
Of strength to be a fence unto my honour.

Hy. In vaine a fence is made to guard the sheep,

Where

Aside.

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Where no wolfe ever came.

Ne. What if within

It keepe a dog of prey, would they be fafe?

For my part Ile not cherish in my breast,

The man that would undoe my chaltitie.

Hy. Then cherish me, for you best know, I never

Attempted any thing to cast a spot

On that white Innocence, to which I a m

A most religious votary.

Mi Morefoole you;

It may be if you had, it needed not

Ha' come to this.

Ne. Yes, yes, you may remember,
I blush to tell it you, when first my thoughts.
Were pure and simple, (as I hope they are
Still, and will so continue, whilst I slie
Such companie as you) I thought you one
Whom never any slame impure had toucht:
Then we converst without suspect together.

Hy. And am I not so still? why do you now

Flie from methus?

Ne. The cause I shall tell you, Since you will not remember; though it be Unsit for me to speake, yet you shall know How just my anger is.

Hy Ay me ! most wretched!

What have I don?

re

Ne. When tending of my flocks

Under

Aside.

The Shepheards Holy-day.

Under the shade of yonder Mirtle tree. (Which beares the guilt of your foule misdemeanour) My maide Corifca cried out for my helpe, Because a bee had stung her in the face: You heard me speake in pittie of her smart, A charme, my mother taught me, (that being faid Close to the place affected, takes away The paine) which gave her ease, but you uncivill, Turning my courtesie to your vile ends, Fain'd you were stung too, and cried out, your lips Had from the same sharpe point receiv'd a wound; Prayd me to fay the same charme over there. I charitably lent my helpe to you, Mistrusting nothing of your purposes, When with ungentle hands you held me falt, And for my thanks gave me a luftfull kiffe, Canft thou remember this, and yet not blufh? Oimpudence!

Hy. You will excuse the heate
Of my desires; still I feele that sting
But dare not aske the cure, nor did I then
Do any hurt, but since you thinke it was
A fault, I do repent it, and am sorry
I did offend you so.

Mi. Better, and better He'le cry anon, he has already aske Forgivenesse of her.

Ne. Well shepheard looke

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Afide.

The Shepheards Holy-day.

You never see me more, I cannot love
Atall, or if atall, not you: let this
Settle your thoughts.

But fince my presence is offensive to you,
Imust obey, yet if I thought you would,
When I am dead, the Martyr of your beautie,
Shed one poore teare on my untimely grave,
And say that Hylas was unfortunate
To love, where he might not be lov'd againe,
My ashes wouldfind rest, and so farewell
The fairest, but the cruellst Nymph alive.

Mi. What will you leave her thus?

Hy. I prithee, come,

The sentence of my banishment is past,

Never to be recalled in a control of the

u

Mi: Are these the hopes
You set upon? O what a thing in Nature
Is a coy woman! or how great a soole
The man is, that will give her leave to rule.

SCENA TERTIA.

: freis cos i Nerinas

A Las my Hylan, my beloved soule,

Durst she whom thou hast call deruell Nerina,

But speake her thoughts, thou wouldst not thinke her so,

To

To thee she is not cruell, but to her selfe:
That law which Nature hath writin my heart,
Taught me to love thee, Hylas, and obey
My father too; who saies I must not love thee?
Oh disproportiond love and duty, how
Do you distract merif I love my choise,
I must be disobedient; if obedient
I must be linkt to one I cannot love.
Then either love give me my libertie,
Or nature from my duty set me free.

Exist.

SCENA QUARTA.

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Daphnis.

Thy stubborne heart, He see what gifts can do:
They of my ranke, whom most do deeme unworthy
Of any virgins love, being rough, and bred
To mannage the estates our fathers left us,
Unskild in those hid mysteries, which loues
Professors onely know, have yet a way
To gaine our wishes: first we get the father,
He knowes our pleasures, and gives his consent:
The daughters eies being blinded with our gifts
Cannot so soone spie our deformities,
But we may catch her to: This Alcon saies,
A man whom age and observation taught

The Shepheards Holy-day.

What I must learne; yet though most women be Such as he has deliver'd, my Nerina Seemes not to have regard to what I give, But holds me and my gifts both at one rate. ~ What can I hope then out of this poore present, A looking-glasse, which though within our Plaines 'Tis seldome seene; yet I have heard in Citties, They are as common as a locke of wooll: However, if the take it, I am happy, So Alcon tells me; and he knowes full well, (He gave it me) that who soe're shall looke Her face in it, shall be at my dispose ; In confidence of this I will present it, And see my Fortune; sure I must needs speed: My friend, her father comes along with her. But oh my Fate! is not that Nymph Dorinda Which keepes them company? Yes, fure 'tis she; A curse light on her importunitie. Her father urges something, and I hope On my behalfe; let me observe a little.

SCENA QUINTA.

Charinus, Nerina, Dorinda, Daphnis.

A Nd as I oft have told you, I doe wish.
To see you wise.

Do. Is she not so Charinus? Vow Does the fay any thing that's out of reason? To fi Cha. Do not tell me of reason; I would heare Of her obedience, therefore I say, be wife, And doe as I would have you. Do. What would you Have her to doe? you fee the answers not To contradict you. Cha. I will have her answer To what I now demand, that is, to marry Daphnis, and I will have her love him too. Do. Love him Charinus? that you cannot do Her body you may linke i'th' rights of Hymens Her will the must beltow her felfe, not you. Da. Oh, she was borne to be a plague unto me. Afide. Cha. Why should she wish or hope for any thing But what I'de have her wish or hope for onely Come, to be short, answere me, and directly Are you content to marry Daphnis, fay? Ne. What is your pleasure Father? Cha. You do not heare It seemes, but what you lift, I aske you once Againe, if you will marry Daphnis, speake? Ne. Sir, I would marry whom you please to give me: I neither can, nor ought to make my choice, I would referre that to you: But you know My inclination never lay to marry. Cha. I know you shal do that which I command,

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Now heaven forbid, that I who have thus long Vow'd to Diana my Virginitie, To follow her a Huntresse in these Woods, Should yeeld my selfe to the impure delights Of Hymen, and so violate my faith.

Cha. A fine devotion, is it not? to make Avow, and never aske your Father leave;

The Lawes will not permit it to be fo.

Do. The vow Charinus, is not made to men: The Lawes have not to doe with that which is Seal'd and recorded in the Court of Heaven.

Cha. Do not tell me of vowes, I'le have her marry; And marry Daphnis: Is he not rich and handsome?

Do. Ay me! I would he were nor rich, nor handsome, It may be then he would regard my sufferings. Aside.

Cha. No, Daughter, do not you beleeve, you can Catch me with shifts and tricks: I see, I tell you, Into your heart.

Ne. Alas, I would you did,

Ne

Then your discourse would tend another way.

Cha. Yes, you have made a vow I know, which is, Whilst you are young, you will have all the Youth To follow you with lies and flatteries.
Foole, they'le deceive you, when this colour fades, Which will not alwaies last, and you goe crooked, As if you sought your beautie lost i'th' ground: Then they will laugh at you, and finde some other Fit for their love; where if you doe as I

Command

The Shepheards Holy-day.

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Command you, I have one will make you happie. Ne. Ay me most miserable! Da. Now I'le come in, And see what I can doe with this my gift. Cha. Lookenow, as if the Fates would have it for He comes just in the nicke of my discourse: Come, use him kindly now, and then you shall Redeeme what you have lost, my good opinion. Ne. O most ungratefull chance! how I doe hate The fight of him! Do. Were it to me he came, How happie would this faire encounter be! Cha. Daphnis, you're welcome, very welcome to me, And to my Daughter : what is that you have there? Da. A present, which I meane to give my love. Cha. See but how true a lover Daphnis is; His hand is never emptie when he comes: Welcome him Daughter, looke what he has for you. Da. O good Charinus, none must looke in it, But she herselfe to whom it is presented. Cha. I am an old man, I, and therefore care not To fee my wither'd face, and hoarie haire: Give it that young thing, she knows what to doe with it. Daughter, come hither, use him courteously, And kindly too: (Be sure you take his gift.) Daphnis, I'le leave you both together here; My theepe are thearing, I can stay no longer. Da. Farewell old man; health to my dearest Mistresse. Ne.

Ne. And to you shepheard.

De. Daphnis am not I

Worthy to have a share in your salute?

Do. How can I give thee part of that, whereof

Thave no share my selfe?

Do. If you would love

There, where you are belov'd againe, you might Make your content such, as youwould your selfe.

Da. If you, Nerina, would vouchfate to love Him that loves you, and ever will, you might Make your content fuch as you would your felfe.

Ne. Shepheard, I oft have wisht you not to trouble

Me and your selfe with words: I cannot love you.

Da. As oft Dorindahave I spoke to you, To leave to trouble me: I cannot love you.

Do. Will you then slight my love, because 'tis offer'd?

Da. Will youthen slight my love, because 'tis offer'd?

Ne. Some body else may love you, I cannot.

Da. Some body else may love you, I cannot.

Do. O cruell words; how they do peirce my heart!

Da. O cruell words, how they do peirce my heart!

Ne. How can I helpe it, if your destinie

Lead you to love, where you may not obtaine?

Da. How can I helpe it, if your destinie

Leade you to love, where you may not obtaine.

Do. It is not destinie that injures me, It is thy cruell will, and marble heart.

Da. It is not destinie that injures me,

e.

It is thy cruell will, and marble heart.

Ne. No Daphnis, 'tis not hardnes of my heart,

Norany crueltie that causes this.

Da. Then'tis disdaine of me.

Ne. Norisitthat:

I do not see in Daphnis any thing

To cause disdaine.

Do. Why do you not replie

In those same words to me, malicious Eccho?

Da. Pray leave me, I have other businesse now

To trouble me; if you disdaine me not,

Faire Nymph, as you pretend, receive my offer.

Ne. What's that?

Da. My heart.

Do. I will gentle Daphnis.

Da. Oimportunitie!

Ne. Give her thy heart,

She has deferv'dit, for the loves thee, Daphnis.

Da. First I would teareit peecemeale here before you.

Do: O me unfortunate ! O cruell man!

Ne. Stay good Dorinda, I'le goe with thee, stay.

Da. Let her goe where she will, behold sweete saint This Mirror here, the faithfull representer Of that which I adore, your beautious forme,

When you do see in that how how lovely are your lookes, you will not blame my love.

Ne. If I refuseit,

My father will be angrie, let me see it:

Here

Here take thy glasse againe: what ailes my head? I know not where I am, it is so giddie:
And something like a drousinesse has seiz'd
My vitall spirits.

Da. How do you love? not well?

Ne. Heavy o'th suddaine; Ile goe home, & sleepe.

Da. So, let her goe, and let this worke awhile.

Shee cast an eye upon me as she went,

That by its languishing did seeme to say,

Daphnis I'me thine, thou hast o'recome at last:

Alcon, th' hast made me happy by thy art.

ACTUS, 3. SCENA 1.

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Sylvia, Delia.

Q. The me what you thinke on earth
The greatest blisse?
A. Riches, honor, and high birth.
Q. Ah, what is this?
If love be banished the heart,
The joy of Nature, not of Art?
2.
What's honor worth, or high descent?
Or ample wealth,
If cares do breed us discontent,
Or want of health?

Anf.

A. It is the order of the Fates, That these should waite on highest states.

Cho. Love onely does our soules refine, And by his skill Turnes humane things into divine, And guides our will. Then let us of his praises sing, Oflove, that sweetens every thing.

Del. Madam, you're overheard. Sy. I care not Delia.

Although my libertie, and free discourse Be here denide me, yet the Aire is common: To it then will I utter my complaints, Or to thee, friend, to whom my love will dare To shew the secrets of my heart, for others I do not care, nor feare; so thou be faithfull.

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Del. Madam, I have no life, butwhat I with May be imploy'd to do your beauties serice; My tongue is rul'd by yours: what you would have It speake, it shall; else further then my thoughts Nothing shall venter, that you leave to me: And those my thoughts, Ile keepe to such restraint, As they shall never come within my dreames, Lest they betray your counsells: this I vow Religiously by----

Syl. Hold, I will not

Have thee to sweare, nor would I thou shouldst thinke;
That I so much suspect thee, as to urge
An Oath; I know thou hast too much of goodnesse
(That's bred within thee) to betray a trust:
And therefore without further circumstance,
I'le let thee know my fortunes, part of which
I'me sure th' hast heard already.

The Modam I have

Del. Madam, I have,

And wisht that they had sorted to your wishes.

Syl. I thanke thee Delia, but my evill Genius, That has pursu'd my innocence with hate, Brought me from thence where I had set my heart. Unto this cursed Court, which, though it be My place of birth and breeding, I doe finde Nothing but torment, and affliction in it.

Del. I guesse the cause sweet Madam, but that's past And now forgotten: if you cleere your looks, Your Father will inlarge you, and ne're thinke On what you did, but that you are his daughter.

Syl. Alas my Delia, thou dost mistake,
My liberty is of no worth to me,
Since that my love, I feare, will ne're be free:
Nor doe I care what idle Ladies talke
Of my departure, or my strange disguise,
To colour my intents; I am above
Their envie or their malice:
But for th' unluckie chance that sent to me
The over-curious eyes of him I hate,

Thou

Thou know'st the man.

De. Yes, you meane Cleander, Sonne to Eubulus, who is now your keeper: What Starre directed him to finde you out? Syl. His love for footh, for fo he colour'd his Unleason'd boldnesse, told me, he was not able To want my fight : and fo, when every one Had given o're their strict enquirie of me, He onely with too much officiousnesse, Observ'd me in the Woods, walking atone: And when I would have thunn'd him (which perhaps Had I not done, he had not so well knowne me) He came, and utter'd, as his manner was, His tedious complaints; untill at length He brought me with him, making no relistance: And to ingratiate himselfe the more, He faid he would convey me where my Father Should have no knowledge of me: I refused it; Willing however to be ridde of him. And now you know, it is a full Moneth fince I did returne to Court, but left my heart Behinde me in those fields, wherein I joy'd. Del. Madam, has not the Court more pleasure in it,

Then the dull Countrie, which can represent
Nothing, but what does taste of solitude?
'Twas something else that carried you away.

Syl. Tis true my Delia; for though thou wert
Privie to my departure, yet the cause

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Thou couldst not tell, which I will now unfold, And thinke I trust my honor in thy hands, And maiden modestie: 'twas love that did it.

Del. Love Madam? sure it is impossible

You should finde any thing there worth your love.

Syl. Thou know'st the shepheards, that do dwell about This place (which for their entertainements onely The King my father built) did use to come,

As now they do, being sent for unto Court:

I ever lik't their sports, their harmelesse mirth,

And their contentions, which were voide of malice,

And wisht I had bin borne just such a one.

Del. Your state is better Madam as you are. Syl. But I confesse the rather, cause there was One amongst them, of a more comely grace (Though none of them did feeme uncomely to me) Call'd Thyrsis; and with him me thought I could Draw out my life, rather then any other, Such things my fancie then suggested to me: So well he fung, so passionate his love Shew'din his verse, thereto so well exprest, As any one would judge it naturall: Yet never felt he flame, till this of me: Often he came, and oftner was defir'd Of me, nordid I shame in publique there Before my father, to commend his graces; Which when I did, the whole Court, as they use, Consented with me, and did strive to make them

Greater

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Greater then I, or any else could thinke them: At last I was surpriz'd, I could not helpe it; My Fate with love confenting, so would have it. Then did I leave the Court, I've told thee all. Del. Tisstrange, but Madam, though in that disguise, How could you hope, a stranger, to be lov'd Of him you held to deare? Syl. I fain'd my felfe Of Smyrna, and from thence fome Goats I had, And Sheepe, with them a rich commoditie. Neare him I bought me land to feed them; he Seem'd glad of it, and thinking me a stranger, Us'd me with fuch civilitie and friendship, As one would little looke for of a shepheard; And did defend me from the avarice Of the old shepheards, which did thinke to make A prey of what I had. At length I faw, He did addresse himselfe with feare to me, Still gazing on me : knowing my love to him, I easily beleev'd he lov'd me too: For love, alas, is ever credulous. And though I was refolv'd, having my end, (Which was no more, then to discourse with him) Nev rto let him know what flame I felt: Yet when I faw his teares, and heard his vowes, (Perswasive speakers for affection) I could not choose but open to his view My loving heart; yet with this caution,

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That he should ever beare respect unto My honor, and my virgin chastitie:
Which then he vow'd, and his ambition
Never was more then to attaine a kisse,
Which yet he hardly got: thou seest, sweete Dalia,
How willingly I dwell upon this Theame.
But canst thou helpe me now, that I have open'd
My wound unto thee.

Del. Alas, I would I could

Invent the way to cure you; I should soone Apply my helpe: yet stay, this day it is The shepheards come to Court.

Syl. 'Tistrue, they come;
But what is that to me, if Thyrsis come not?
Or if he come, how shall he know me his,
Or I injoy his companie?

Del. Let me alone

To worke out that.

hat

Syl. Thou dreamst, thou canst not do it.

Del. He undertake it, but how shall I know him Without inquiring, which must breede suspition.

Syl. True, and beware thou aske; the Majestie Which sits upon his brow, will say 'tis he, Thyrsis my love; but yet perhaps at this time, If I my selfe not flatter, thou shalt know him, By his eies cast downe, and folding of his armes, And often sighs, that interrupt his words. For if his sorrow weares the liveries,

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Which

Which mine does for his absence, by these signes
Thou shalt descrie him.

Del. These are silent markes:

Yet will I not despaire to finde him out.

Syl. But when thou hast, what wilt thou say to him?

Del. Give me but leave to use my mother wit,

You would be gone together, would you not?

Syl. Thou speak'st my thoughts: do this, and I will crowne

Thy faith, thou shalt be Queene in steed of me.

Del. If you could crowne me with your vertues Madam,
I should be a Queene indeed; in the meane time,

As Lam Delia, Ile do this busines.

Sil. Do it, and when th' hast don, the God of love Reward thee with thine owne desires for this.

Del. Madam withdraw, I heare your keepers comming.

SCENA 2.

Cleander, Eubulus.

SIr you have put a bridle on my passions,
And given my soule the libertie it wisht:
I now intreate your pardon, for beginning
A thing of so great consequence without
Leave and advice from you.

Eu. Tis well Cleander,
It will behove you then to be reserv'd,
And locke this secret up: for 'tis no jesting

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The Shepheards Holy-day.

With Kings that may command our lives and fortunes:
You now perceive her whom we call the Princesse,
To be your sister, and the love you beare her,
Must be a brothers freindship, not a lovers
Passionate heate; but yet she must not know,
That I her father am, and you her brother:
And trust me son, had I not seene despaire
Of life in you, which this love brought you too,
I should not have reveal'd, what now you know.

Cle. It was a comfort Sir, I doe confesse,
That came in time to rescue me from death,
So great her scorne was, and my love so violent.

Eu. Now you're at peace, I hope.

Cle. I am : butif

I be too curious in asking where
The Kings son is, I shall desire your pardon:
For sure it were injustice to deprive
So great a Prince, of that which he was borne too.
Eu. You are too far inquisitive; yet because

I have ingag'd you in a secret of
As great importance, this I will not hide.
The King, I told you, when his wife grew neere
The time of her deliverie, sent to know
Of our great Oracle, whether the childe should be
Female, or Male, and what should be their fortune.

Cle. What said the Oracle? have you the answere?

Ew. It onely was imparted unto me,

And this it is which I have never shewen

ith

n,

g.

To

To any but the Queene : here take and reade it.

If ere thy issue male thou live to see,
The childe thou think st is thine, thine shall not be.
His life shall be obscure: twice shall thy hate
Doome him to death. Tet shall be scape that Fate:
And thou shalt live to see that not long after,
Thy onely son shall wed thy onely daughter.

This Oracle is full of mysterie.

That should it prove a man-childe, twas a Bastard:
And being loth that one not of his blood
(As he conceiv'd by this) should be his heire,
Told me in private, that if it were Male,
He would not have it live, yet fearing most
To publish his dishonor, and his wives,
He charg'd me not reveale it unto any,
But take the childe, and see it made away,
And make the world believe it was still borne.

Cle. And did you so?

Eu. No, for indeed I durst not For any thing, become a murderer.

Cle. How did you then?

En. I went unto the Queene,
Shew'd her the state she was in, and befought her
To be as carefull of me, as I was
Of her, and we would worke a better end

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The Shepheards Holy-day.

Then she expected, so we both agree'd; That if the Childe she then did labour with, Prov'd to be Male, I should with care conceale The birth of it, and put a female childe Insteed of it, which I was to looke out. It fortun'd that your Mother then was ready To be deliver'd of your fifter, and Time and good fortune did conspire to fave The Kingschild, and to make my daughter Princesse. Cle. But what did then become of the yong Frince? Eu. The Queene protesting to me, that it was The Kings owne Childe, conjur'd me to preserve it, Which as mine owne I could not; for already Many tooke notice that my childe was female: And therefore I was faine to publish her As dead, and buried an emptie coffin. I rode forth with the childe a full nights journey, With purpose to deliver it to some Plaine honest man, that would be carefull of it, And not inquisitive to know whose childe It was, but give it breeding as his owne: When being frighted with the noise of Armes Of some out-lawed theeves, that did infest The place, I made all haste I could to scape 'em, Confidering my charge; for that I knew If I were taken, though they spar'd my life, The charge I had, must needs betray me to The King, and then I could not hope for mercy :

I laid it downe there cover'd closely o're, A circle 'bout his necke, wherein was writ,

Archigenes Sonne of Euarchus and Eudoras

In characters knowne onely to my selfe,
And to the King; in which I us'd to cloath
Secret dispatches, when I writ to him
From forraigne States, and within the Circle
I grav'd the Kings lesse Seale, which then I kept.
Some Goldbesides, and Jewels there I lest,
That who soe're should finde him, might with that
Defray the charge of his education;
Howe're, next day I purpos'd to returne
With speede, and carrie it to some abode.

Cle. But did the Queene know this?

Eu. She did not,

Till my returne next day: then when I told her, The childe was thence remov'd where I had left him,

Cle. Belike those theeves had carried him away.

Eu. 'Tis probable.

Cle. How could the Queene take this So sad a storie?

Eu. With such impatience,

That being weake before, she shortly di'd.

Cle. But yet sir, with your favour might you not

Have made inquirie after him?

Eu. Idurit not,

For feare of being discover'd; on your life

Take

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Na

Take heed how you reveale this.

Cle. Iam charm'd.

Eu. Then let us watch my daughter, for I feare The flight she made was for some other end, Then for retirement which she does pretend.

Cle. Henceforth I shall obey her as my Princesse, And love her as my sister, not my Miltresse.

En. You shall do well: Come, let us to the King.

SCENA 3.

Hylas, Mirtillus, Chorus of Shepheards and Shepheardesses, representing Paris, Oe-none, Venus, and the Graces.

IT was my dreame, and I will fend it to her; Though I my felfe by her too cruell fentence, Must never see her face.

Mi. What paper's that?
Love-verses, as I live; what's here, a Dreame?
Nay, I will read 'em, thereforest and aside.

Mirtillus reades.

ake

SLeepe, thou becalmer of atroubled sprite,
SWhich leadst my fancy to that sweet delight,
Wherein my soule found rest, when thou didst show
Her shadow mine, whose substance is not so:

Wrappe

The Shepheards Holy-day.

Wrappe up mine eyes in an eternall night.

For since my day springs onely from that light.

Which she denies me; I account the best

Part of my life is that which gives me rest.

And thou more hard to be intreated, then

Sleepe to the heated eyes of frunticke men;

Thou that canst make my joyes essentiall,

Which are but shadowes now, be liberall,

And out-doe sleepe, let me not dreame in vaine,

Unlesse thou mean'st I ne're shall sleepe againe.

Alas poore foole! will the not let thee fleepe? Hy. I knew I should be mock't, but I'le diverthim; What are these thou hast brought along with thee? Mi. The Masquers, Hylas, these are they must trip it Before the King: dost like their properties? Hy. What Paris, and Oenone, the old Storie? Mi. But newly made, and fashion'd to my purpose Brought hither to make good my owne politions Against the company of puling lovers; Which if I doe not, and with good effect, Let me be one my selfe; and that's a torture Worse then Apollo laid upon the Satyr, When the rude villaine durst contend with him Looke this way Hylas, see Ocnone here, The fairest Nymph that ever Ida blest, Court her departing shepheard, who is now Turning his lone unto a fairer object;

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The Shepheards Holy-day.

And for his judgement invarietie

See how the seaborne Goddesse, and the Graces
Present their darling Helena to him.

Be happy in thy choise, and draw a war
On thee, and thine, rather then set thy heart
Upon a stale delight: Do, let her weepe,
And say thou are inconstant. Be so still;
The Queene of love commands it: you that are
The old companions of your Paris here,
Moue in a well pac'd measure, that may shew
The Goddesse, how you are content for her
Faire sake to leave the honor of your woods:
But first let her, and all the Graces sing
The Invitation to your offering.

Venus, and the Graces sing.

Come lovely boy unto my Court,

And leave these uncouth woods, and all

That feed thy fancy with loves gall,

But keepe away the honey, and the sport.

Cho. Come unto me,

And with varietie

Thou shalt be fed, which Nature loves, and I.

There is no Musique in a voice, That is but one, and still the same. Inconstancy is but a name,

To fright poore lovers from a better choice.

Cho. Come then to me, &c.

Orpheus, that on Euridice

Spent all his love, on others scorne,

Now on the bankes of Heber torne,

Findes the reward of foolish constancy.

Cho. Come then to me, &c.

And sigh no more for one love lost,

I have a thousand Cupids here,

Shall recompence with better cheere

Thy mis-spent labours, and thy bitter cost.

Cho. Come then to me, &c.

The Dance ended.

Enter a Messenger.

Nun. Shepheards, if you have any pittie, come, And see a woefull spectacle.

Mi. What is't

That can be worth the breaking of our sports?

Nun. The gentle Nymph Nerina.

Hy. What of her?

Nun. The last of her I thinke, she lies a dying,

And calls to speake with you.

Hy. Curse of your follies;

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Do I live here whilst she is dying there?

Mi. But shepheard, what disease is that so soone Could spend his force upon her? The was well This morning, when she made poore Hylas sicke.

Mun. I know not, I am sent unto the well Of Esculapius to fetch some water For her recovery. I must be gone.

Mi. Shepheards here let us end. I thinke we are Perfect in all the rest: This night the King Must see't, resolve on that.

Cho. We are all ready.

Mi. Then lets away, and see what will betide This gentle Nymph Nerina.

Cho. We'le goe with you.

SCENA. 4.

Charinus, Nerina, Dorinda, Hylas, Mirtillus, Nuntius.

Hold up thy head good childe, see he is come;
Bring me the water quickly, whill there is
Some life in her: now chase her good Dorinda.

Ne. All is in vaine, I cannot live; deare father
Farewell: what shepheard's that lies on the ground?
Is it not Hylas?

Do. Yes, it is he, Nerina.

Ne. Alas poore shepheard, tis my greatest griefe,

That

That I have grieved him, I would beg life For nothing but to make him satisfaction. Mi. Hylas, what on the ground? looke up and speake Alas, he's dead. Ne. It cannot be : good father Let me goe to him, and but touch his eare, It may be that my voice may have more vertue. Cha. Do what thou wilt sweete heart: see my poore child How charitable she is, being halfe dead Her selfe, she pities others. Ni. Marke her finenesse, Now at the brimm of death: she kisses him: And tooke this way to mock her simple father; Offine invention! fure a womans wit Does never faile her. Ne. Hylas, Hylas, speake, Nerina calls thee; speake to thy Nerina. Mi. What cannot love doe? It revives the dead, He's come to himselfe againe. Hy. What Godisit, That has the power to returne my foule From the Elysian fields? Mi. It is no God, A Goddesse rather, Hylas. 'Tis Nerina, Looke where she is. Hy. Ahthen I do not wonder

I cannot die, when my best soule comes to me:

Shall wee live ever thus?

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Ne. How faine I would

For thy fake, Hylas, but it cannot be:

I feele a heavy theepe fit on my head,

And my strength failes me, helpe me sweet Dorinda;

Farewell for ever: oh I die, I die.

To see my life expire before my face?
You Fates, if you will take a ransome for her,
Then take my life but you are sure of that
Youle say already: for in her one deach
Two lives are forfeit: Nerina, gentle Nymph,
The cause why nove thive, open these eyes
Once more, and I shall flourish like those plants
The sunne gives life to else I fall, and wither,
Leaving behinde raught but a worth lesse stemme:
Speake to thy Hylas, sweete Nerina, speake.

Cha. Ay me 'my daughter, hadst thouliv'd perhans

Cha. Ay me 'my daughter, hadit thou liv'd, perhaps;
I might have seene thee married to Daphnis,

Now we must fee thee buried: Ay me!

Me. Hylas.

Hy. She lives, give me some more of that,

That water there, see now she comes againes

O gentle destinies, but spare this thred,

And cut a thousand courier, speake Nerina,

Give me some comfort, give thy father some, Or else behold three lives fall in thy death.

Ne. You Fates, that keepe th'accompt of all our daies; Adde but one minute to my life, that I

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May quit my soule of those two heavy burthens
Which now oppresseit: Dry your eyes good father,
Remember that the Gods doe send us nothing
But for our good; and if my journey be in grand
Shorter then yours, the lesse will be my trouble:
Will you forgive me father, that I have not
Pail fo much duty to you as I ow'd you are shill you sell you
Take my good will, I pray, insteed ofic. nov his of no f
Cha. See her good Nature: I childey tis enough,
Thou alwaies wert obedient. ad a of: ybsalla vil sluo Y
Ne. Shall I dare shing with a sistroi successful ow I
To speake my thoughts, and so discharge my soule and it
Of one loade yet? odd din of lladt bus esomeon ()
Cha. I, doe my childe, speake freely. I love my childe, speake freely.
Ne. I've heard you fay, that no sinne was so heavy
Asis ingratitude. Asis ingratitude.
Cha. Tistrue, Nerina, 1011 De Colon Gilla De Colon Gilla
How the remembers what her father faid! and ward and and and and and and and and and an
Ne. Then be not angry, if I now must tell you.
That this poore shepheard, whose swolne eyes you see
Cover'd with teares, for many yeares now palt
Has courted me : but still with such a love,
So full of truth and gentle services, design
That should I not requite him with my love,
I should be guilty of ingratitude: 15 mos and 100 svil
Therefore before I die, Ipray give leave
That he may have my dying heart, which living,
Istill debar'd him of. Hylas, thy hand.

O stay a little death: here, take thou mine, And since I cannot live the wife of Hytas, Yet let me die so: Sir, are you content?

Cha. I am, with any thing that pleaseth thee.

Ne. Tell me, are you so Hylas?

Hy. Omy love,

Aske me if I would live amongst the Gods, But aske not this: Sir, have we your consent?

Cha. You have, it is in vaine now to denie it:

You fee, Dorinda, what her vow's come to.

Ne. Then let me die, take me into thy Armes, Sweet love, you'le see my coffin strew'd with flowers, And you Dorinda, will you make a garland? I die a virgine, though I die his wife.

Do. Alas, she's gon.

Hy. She's dead, and do I live?

Cha. Looke to the shepheard there: oh my Nerina!

Do. Vexe not her foule, I pray, with often calling,

You see she's dead.

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Cha. Then there is no hope left: Pray helpe us shepheards now to beare her hence; You'le come I hope to see her in her grave.

ACT. 4. SCENA I.

Thyrsis , Delia.

HEre I am come unto a place, where griefe E 3

They

They fay has no abode. In Princes Courts, I've heard there is no roome for loves laments: For either they enjoy, or else forget, Thrice happy men, to whom love gives fuch leave: It may be that this place, or people may Worke so with me, and melt this frozen heart: Ah foole, that can't beleeve the change of place, Or ayre, can change thy minde; the love thou bearft, Is woven so within thy thoughts, that as Out of this piece thy Sylvia wrought for thee, Thou canst not take her name forth, but withall Thou must deface the whole: so Thyrsis thinke The winde that here may rise, or heat, or raine Thou maist auoide, thy love will still remaine, And when thou diest, then may it die with thee; Till then resolve to endure thy misery.

Del. This is the garden, which I faw him go'to, And that is he, for all the markes she gave me

To know him by, he beares.

Thy. A heavinesse

Weighs downe my head, and would invite me to Repose my selfe; He take the offer, here He rest awhile, for I have need of it.

Del. How if I be deceiv'd, and this should proove Another man: what then? I can excuse it; He's layd already, and I feare, asleepe, Ile stay until he wake, but then suppose That any body come, and take me here,

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What will they thinke of me? Best wake him: shepheard: It is a hansome youth, see what a grace Shewesit selfe in his feature, such a face Might take the heart of any Lady living, I, though she were a Princesse: shepheard: what Not yet? his sleepes are sound.

Thy. Ah Sylvia,

Preserve thy life, oh let me die; Alas
I do but dreame; me thought I saw my selse
Condemn'd to die, and Sylvia to save me,
Offerd her selse, and would needs die for me:
Twas a sweet shadow, let me court this dreame.

Del. He must not sleepe againe : shepheardlooke up.

Thy. Who envies me this small repose, indeed

do not often sleepe: ha, who are you?

Del. Sent to thee, from thy Sylvia, shepheard rise

And follow me.

Thy. Doe I dreame still? what are you? Came you from heaven where my Sylvia is, and must I thither? who so ere you are, an Angell, or a feind, in such a name you come, as I'me conjurd to follow you: But I must die sirst: Here is to be with thee.

Del. Stay, hold thy hand, I live, thy Sylvia lives

To make thee happy, if thou wilt goe to her.

Thy. You're habited like those I've seene at Court,

And courtifie they say is ever there,

Yet mingled with deceit: if you do meane

E 4

T'abuf:

Tabuse me for your sport, this way will prove Too sad to raise mirth out of. There's no ill That I have done to you, or any else, Unlesse my constancy be here a sinne.

Del. His griefes have made him wilde, I have no time Left me to use perswasions, or to make This truth apparant to you; on my word You shall be safe, and if you dare believe me, E

He bring you where your love is; follow me.

The. Why should I doubt, or feare to goe with her Ill does he call for physicke, whom the Law Has doom'd to die: There's no condition Can prove worse to me then my present one. Pray lead me where you please, I'me sure of this, To one that's desperate, no way's amisse.

SCENA 2.

Enarchus, Eubulus, Cleander, Attendants.

A Il leave the roome. Enbulus, I'me resolved To hold an easier hand over my daughter. Then I was wont: Therefore I sent Cheander. To bring her to my presence, though she have. Wrong d her great birth and breeding by her follies, Yet I consider that she is my daughter, And this restraint cannot but harden her. In her fond resolutions: have you sought.

By all the meanes you can to fift the cause Ofher departure?

Eub. Sir, I have tryed,
By all the waies that fit a subject, to
Enquire a truth of one that is his Princesse.

Eu. And what have you discover'd?

Eub. Nothing more

Then what my fon Cleander did before.

Eu. I have heard his relation: but I wonder How for a whole moneths time, she should abide Within our confines, when so great a search, Through all our Countryes, and lowd proclamations Were made for her recovery.

Eub. Tistrue.

She herein was ingenuous, and confest,
That she foresaw what search would be made for her,
Therefore with some about her she had plotted,
To hire a barke, that might convey her hence,
In a disguise to Smyrna, where she stayd,
Till time did sit her; that with safety
Shemight returne in habite of a Nymph,
Unto the place, where then Cleander sound her:
But why she left the Court, she will not tell.

Eu. I will not force her to't: some little time Perhaps may make discovery of that secret: But unto thee my faithfull Counsellor. (As unto one my heart hath still bin open) I will discover what my purpose is,

In

In sending for these shepheards to my Court. Eub. I should beleeve, they'resent for to delight Your Majesty, as they were wont. Eu. No Eubulus, But for a greater end; I feare my daughter, And therefore I have fent for her to fee These sports, with purpose to observe her lookes, For I suspect she loves some shepheard there. Eub. It cannot be: she will not staine her birth With fuch ignoble love; yet I confesse, Revolving all the cause's of her strange Departure, I could fixe on none but that. En. Well, if she do so, I willlet her forth, Forth of my blood, and who soere he be Whose fortune markt him out to be the object Of this her love, thall finde Ixions Fate, He shall embrace a shadow; by my life They both shall die. Eub. Omy gracious Lord, Remember she's your daughter. Eu. I, thou still Dolt plead for her, but yet am I her King As well as father, private men respect Their profits, and their private interests Of kindred, but the actions of a King,

To honor, and renowne mult be directed:

Cleander, welcome, how does Calligone?

Consider that, and then thou wilt forget her. enters.

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The SHEERE ARDS Holy-day.

Why dost not answere? art thou frighted man?

Cle. I know not how to answere any thing,

Unlesse your Majesty will signe my pardon.

En. Why what's the matter, speake, and speak it freely Cle. Then know great soveraigne that when I went

As full of joy, as speed, with your glad message,

found the Princesse.

Eu. What, not dead, I hope?

Cle. Dead to her honor.

Eu. Ha!

Is

Cle. In short my Lord,
I found her walking in the garden with
A shepheard, (more of him I cannot tell)
But she was habited in that attire
She wore, when from the woods I brought her home,
I slipt away, not being seene by them,
And if you please to goe, perhaps great Sir,
You still may finde them there.

Are my presages true? Shall I then sleepe
With this disgrace, and let my neighbour Princes
Mocke at my humble fortunes, when they heare
The daughter of Enarchus matcht her selfe
With a base shepheard? Goe Enbulus quickly,
Here take my signet, let this be your warrant
To put them both to death.

Eub. How? both my Lord?

The Shepheards Holy-day.

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Eu. J, both. Eub. Your daughter too? En. Why do you question me? Haue I not said they both shall die: dispatch. Let me not see thee, till they both be dead. Eub. What halt thou done? thou rash inhumane boy? Depriv'd thy father of a childe, thy selfe Of thine owne fifter, whom but now thou knewst. Well may the King take that deare life away, Which he did never give : I will goe tell him, I am her father : but I loofe my life If I do that, as guilty of a treason. Go Murderer, hadst thou no pittie in thee? Cle. Sir I do feele so much of griefe within me, For this my act, that if my blood will serve To fave her life, Ile make no price of it: Yet could I not imagine, that the King Would have bin so inrag'd; or if he would, I had no time to thinke of it before. En. No time? who bid thee haften to the ruine Of thy poore father, and thy family? The messages which come to do us hurt, Are speedy: but the good come slowly on. Cle. But Sir, remember what a straight we're in: It will concerne us, to invent some way To fave my fifter, though the shepheard die; He will deserve it for his bold attempt. Eub. Go take thy way, whither thou wilt thy selfe,

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That way is best, which leads me to my grave. Exit.

Cle. What luck is this? This is more haste then speed:

[am resolv'd(though my life lie at stake)

To stand the fury of th'inraged King:

Who knowes but he may be as forry for this suddaine act, as I for mine. 'Tis here

To save her, though it soft her lover deare.

SCENA 3.

Sylvia, Thyrsis, Cleander.

TAy stay a little Thyrfis, we are safe, My warie keepers now are with the King. Thy. Madam, for my poore selfe I doe not feare, But when I thinke on you, and how your name, And state that is so eminent, must needs Receive a certaine scandall, and foule blot, If we be seene together, blame me not, Though I do feare or doubt : What cruell fate Angry with men, that gave us hearts alike, And fortunes so asunder; you're a Cedar, I a poore (hrub, that may looke up unto you With adoration, but ne're reach your height. Syl. But Thyrsis I do love you; love and death Do not much differ, they make all things equall: The Monuments of Kings may shew for them What they have bin, but looke upon their dust,

The

The color, and the weight of theirs, and beggers, yaw You'le finde the same: and if mongst living ment of a Nature has printed in the sace of many, sond by loter me The characters of noblenesse and worth, with and brist of Whose fortune envies them a worthy place, 23w ond on In birth, or honor. When the greatest men a prisabilit ? Whom the has courted, beare the marks of flaves, I syst o Love fure will looke on those, and lay aside The Accidents of wealth and noble blood, And in our thoughts wil equall them with Kings. Thy. 'Tis true divinest Lady, that the soules Of all men are alike, of the same substance By the same maker into all infused a simila yally A But yet the leverall matters which they worke on, yM. How different they are I neede nor tell your shall . The And as the contward Organs give our foules it I many July Or more, or lesse roome, as they are contrived, it shall be To shew their lustre; foagaine comes foreines a svis And darkens them, to whom the Gods have givened and A foule divine, and body capable 100 10 sies of I aguad Of that divinity, and excellences vas and som native you and But 'tis the order of the Fates, whole causes ! 231111101 We must not looke into : Bar you deare Madami 93009 : Nature, and fortune have conspir'd to make to the old the The happiest alive. 101, sor over oblight alique Int. But The happiest alive. Syl. Ay me most wretched to your rolling faunt ton What pleasure can there be in highest state, and now Which is so crost in love, the greatest good, and would be

VO

The Gods can tell how to bestow on men? Thy. Yet some do reckon it the greatestill. A passion of the minde, form'd in the fancy, And bred to be the worst disease of reason. Syl. They that thinke so, are such as love excludes, Men full of age, or foule deformitie. No Thyrsis, let notus prophane that deity: Love is divine, the feed of every thing, The cause why now we live, and all the world. Thy. Love is divine, for if religion Binds us to love, the Gods who never yet Reveald them selves in any thing to us But their bright Images, the fairest creatures, Who are our daily objects; loving them, Wee exercise religion : let us not Be scrupulous, or feare; the Gods have care Of us, and of our piety. Syl. But take heed, We cannot be too warie many things Oppose our wills, yet if you thinke it fit, And this nights silence will so favour us, Weele goe together: if we quit this Countrie, It is no matter, all the world to me Willbe Arcadia, if I may injoy Thy company, my love. Thy. No Sylvia, (Pardon mee deare, if still I call you so) Enjoy your fortunes, thinke how much your honor

Must

The Shepheards Holy-day.

Must suffer in this act : For me I finde, It is enough that I have ever lov'd you: Now let me at the light of your bright cie, Burne like the bird whose fires renew her nelt, I shall leave you behind me to the world, The Phenix of true love and constancy: Nor is that bird more glorious in her flames, Then I fliall be in mine, though they confume me. Syl. It must not be, for know my dearest shepheard, I shall not tell one minute after thee; I finde my fore fo linkt to thine, that death Cannot divide us. Thy What then shall we do? Shall we resolve to live thus, till we gaze Our eies out first, and then lose all our senses In their succession? shall we strive to leave Our foules breath'd forth upon each others lips? Come let us practise : this our envious Fates Cleander enters. Cannot deny us. Cle. What a fight were this To meete her father? This would make him mad Indeed, and execute his rage himselfe. Madam, your father's here. Syl. Ha Delia! Cleander, is it thou? then I'me betraid The second time, but must thy fortune make thee The instrument of my undoing still? Cla. Shepheard, I will not honor thee so much

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As to enquire thy name) thou hast don that Thou wilt pay deare for: And I hope thy death Will take away the blot of this disgrace Th'hast laid upon the Princesse.

Thy. If you do this, Youle make me happy, it was this I lookt for, My triviall acts of life, this of my death Will recompence with glory; I shall die To fave my Princesse, and whats more, to save The life of her life, her unspotted honor. Blest Lady, though you are as innocent And chafte as pureft Virgins, that have yet Seene nothing in a dreame to warme their blood, Yet the malicious world, the censuring people, That haste to cast durt on the fairest things, Will hardly spare you, if it once be knowne That we were here together: As for me, My life is nothing but variety Of griefe and troubles, which with constancy I have borne yet : tis time that now I die, Before I do accuse the Gods that have Brought me to this, and so pull on my death A punishment. Will you be mercifull,

And end me quickly?

Cle. Shepheard, know for this
Thy resolution, which in noble bloods
I scarce have found, I willingly would grant
What thou desir st. But something must be knowned.

Before

Before that time either from you, or you. Syl. I know Cleander, it is me you aime at: I do confesse this shepheard is my love; For his fake I did leave the Court, and thee, Unworthy as thou art, to be hic Rivall. Cle. Madam, my duty bids me speake to you, Not as a lover now; but as you are My Princesse, and the daughter of my King. I would not for the world have those desires Which I had then; for fure my bolder love Would have transgrelt the limits of all duty, And would have dar'd to tell you, that this shepheard Wasnot a match for great Arcadias heire, Nor yet one fit for my Competitor. 'Tis not his outward feature, (which how faire It is I do not question) that can make him Noble, or wife: Whereas my birth, deriv'd From ancient Kings, and yeares not far unfuiting Those of your owne; to these my education (To you well knowne) perhaps might make me worthy Of being your fervant. Syl. Can't thou looke on this, This piece Cleander, and not blush to boast Thy follies thus, feeking to take away From his full vertue, if but this one act Of his appeare unto the world? (as know It shall; for Ile not shame to publish him, Though I die for it) will it not devoure Thy

YOTIHA

Thy empty glories, and thy puft up nothings, And like a grave will burie all thy honors? Do, take his life, and glory in that act, But be thou fure, in him thou shalt kill two.

Cle. What meane you, madam?

Syl. Not to live a minute,

After his death.

Gle. That all the Gods forbid.

Syl. No, they command it rather, that have made Our soules but one: Cleander, thou wert wont To be more courteous; and I do see Some pitie in thee: if not for pitties sake, Yet for thine owne good spare this life, and take Mine; for thou knowst, when I am dead, this kingdome Thy father will inherit, or thy selfe.

Tis but the waiting of an old mans death, Who cannot long out-live me: will you do't?

Thy. Sir, you are noble, I do see you are, You lov'd this Lady once: by that dear love

(With meit was a conjuration To draw my soule out, whilst I was so happy)

I do beseech you spare her noble life,

Her death will sit full heavie on your soule,

And in your height of Kingly dignities

Disturbe that head, which crownes will give no rest to.

To take my life is justice.

Syl. Rather mine;

Thy

I have offended in first loving him,

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And

And now betraying him unto his end. Thy. Be not so cruell madam to your selfe And me, to envy me a death so noble. Sir, as you hope your love shall ever prosper, Your great designes, your fights, (what ere they are) As you do hope for peace in your last houre, And that the earth may lightly cloath your ashes, Dispatch me quickly, send me to my death. Cle. Astrange contention! Madam will you please A little to retire: Tis your honor That I do strive to fave, as well as life: Pray do not crosse my purpose, Ishall do Something that you may thanke me for. Syl. Gleander, Save but the shepheard, and Ile crowne thy merit Cle. Will you be pleased to enter here? Syl. But Iweare That thou wilt fave him. Cle. Ishalldo my belt, I dare not sweare, for tis not in my power To do what you command. Syl. But will you sweare To let me know of it before he die? Cle. I will by heaven. Syl. Then I take my leave. And Thyrsis be thou sure, what ever Fate Attends thy life, the same does governe mine: One kisse I must not be deny'd.

Cle. Fy Madam,
How low is this in you?

Syl. Then thus we part,
To meete againe, I hope.

Thy. Downe stubborne heart,
Wilt thou not breake yet? In my death I fin de
Nothing that's terrible, but this Farewell
Presents my soule with all the paines of hell.

SCENA 4.

Alirtillus, Chorns of Shepheards.

I shep. T'me forry that this busines went not forward. 2 shep. So am not I, we're rid of so much trouble. 2 Sep. Yetit is strange the King should send for us, And when we were come, command us to returne. Mi. No, 'tisnot strange, it was his will to do so: But if you have an itch of dancing, friends, Next holy-day we'le ha't amongst our selves, And every man shall dance with his owne sweetheart: What say you shepheards, wil't not be as well? I shep. It will be very fine. But where is Thyrsis? 2. Shep. I, where is he! you went along with him, Where did you leave him? Mi. Walking in a garden, Where when I came to call him, he was gon. 2 shep. It seemes he cares not for our company. Mi

Mi. Neither for yours nor any mans besides.

I shep. He is much alter'd, since his love was lost;
Methinks he is nothing like the man he was.

Mi. Well then beware my friends how you ingage.
Your selves in love: He is a faire example,
And Hylas too, he's drooping for his mistresse:

Daphnis is mad, they say; if you have a minde
To die, or to runne mad, then be in love.

2 shep. See where he comes, in what a sume he is.

Mi. I do not like his sumes: pray let's away.

SCENA 5.

Daphnis, to him Dorinda.

Where e're he be, nor heaven, nor hell shall save him
From my revenge. To take away the life
Of that sweet innocent, without whose sight
He knew I could not live, and to do this
Under the name of freindship: O you Gods,
What age can parallell so great a mischeise?
This is his Magicke glasse, which had the vertue
To make her mine, but sent her to the Gods.
Blest soule, I will revenge thy death, and then
Ile follow thee my selfe.

Do. Daplanis, my love,

Whither

Whither fo fast?

Da. Now love deliver me;

And must you come to trouble me? Be gon;

I cannot stay to heare thy tedious follies.

Do, Were all your vowes then made but to abuse me?

Are there not paines to punish perjur'd men?

And will they not ore' take you?

Da. 'Las poore foole,

The Gods doe laugh at fuch slight perjuries

As come from lovers.

Do. Yet it was no conquest

To deceive one that would be credulous,

A simple maide that lov'd you.

Da. Then I fee

There is no end of womens reasoning;

Or else this might suffice thee, that I cannot

No nor I will not love thee.

Do. Never?

Da. Never.

Do. Goe cruell man, and if the God of love Willheare my prayers, thou in thy love shalt thrive, As I in mine: that when thou art forlorne, Thou maist remember her thou now does fcorne.

F4

ACT.

ACT. 5. SCENA 1.

Hylas.

T was the cruell practife of my Fate, I That lifted me unto the height of bliffe, To make my fall the greater: for no fooner Did I injoy the love of my Nerina, But in a moment she was taken from me: A love so dearely bought with sighs and teares, So many yeares spent in the gaining her, And lost in one poore minute: It is better Alwaies to live a miserable life, Then once to have bin happy: she is dead, And I alive that cannot live without her : Tis fit that I die too; but by what meanes? By violence? No, that the Gods forbid. A lingring greife, I neede not feare, will kill me, When every day I shall repaire, as now, Unto her tombe, and confecrate my teares, And tearing sighs unto her blessed Ghost, Some pittying God, when I'me disolv'd away Upon her ashes, will congeale those teares, That they may cloath her dust: whilst some kinde shepheard Passing this way does write this on her grave.

See here Nerina, that from Hylas eyes
Fed her faire flame, now in their dew she lies.
Thus Lwill have it, so the words shall runne.

SCENA

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SCÈNA 2.

Daphnis, Alcon, Nerina: to them Hylas, Montanus, Carinus, Mirtillus.

Though thou hast tane my love away by tricks, let all thy cunning, and thy practifes hall not secure thee from my revenge.

Al. Are these the thanks I have for that rich jewell Which I bestowd on thee, ungratefull man?

Da. Yes, for a poyfond glasse, a precious jewel.

Al. I do confesse 'twaspoy sond.

Da. Do you fo?

nd to do me a courtesie, you kild her.

Al. Yet heare me, she is not dead; and if she be, le pay my life for hers.

Da. Be sure thou shalt:

ut canst thou hope for such a strong illusion o mocke my sence? did I not see her dead?

11. She did appeare so: what you thought was death, s but a lethargie: though I professe not o draw the Moone downe from the sphere she is in, or make the sunne looke bloody by my Arte, set am I well informed in every thing this glasse is made of, and I know the effects workes, and can dicourse em.

Da. Let me heare them.

Al. Have patience, and you shall; the Glasse you see Of this rare Mirrour which I gave you, is Made of a Memphian stone, that has the power To bring a deadly sleepe on all the senses: With it, to make th'effects more strong, is mingled The Quintessence, extracted in a Limbecke, Of the Torpedo, which has such a quality, That if the Fisher touch it with his hooke, A poison itraite will creepe through all his veines, Tillie benumme his fenses: This compounded, And made into a glassie metall, soone Reflects upon the eyes of him that lookes in't A fleepie poison, which will stupisie The vitall parts. Yet, he that gave it me, Taught me the Cordiall water, which he us'd To restore spirits and heate unto those vitalls; And I have brought it with me for our purpose. What have I wrong'd you now? or is my present Worthy the thankes you give me?

Da. Yet you were Too blame, that you'd not tell me this before I gave it her.

Al. In that I shew'd my love;
For I did feare your resolution,
Though I were certaine of recovering her.
Da. And what must now be done?

Al. Here, where you found me,

o fee or fee Da.

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het Da.

Al. he fa Da

> Al. Da Al.

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wher laid, and buried in the clothes

e wont to weare, her father so would have it:

waited on the funerall, with purpose

b see the stone laid hollow on her grave,

or feare of hurting her.

Da. It was well don.

Al. Here Ile apply my medicine; you shall see Thether I lie or no.

Da. Let's lose no time.

long to see my love alive againe.

Al. Then helpe to lift this stone; see where she lies, he same Nerina?

Da. She is dead, I fee.

Al. Love is still full of feares: give me the water.

Da. Here, but take heede it do not spoile her face.

Al. If she be dead, you neede not feare the change

fany color; what a childe is love?

Da. The Gods, I see, will not let beautie die: he breathes, she stirs, her eies begin to open as after sleepe. O miracle!

Al. How now?

Now I have put her in your hands, be fure you do not let her goe, and lose no time. If you give credit to her words, you're lost. What cannot womens words and flatteries effect with simple lovers? thinke on that, be consident: He leave you to your Fate.

faw

Ne.

Ne. You Gods where am I now? what place is this? What light is this I see? are the same things Seene in this new world, as they are in th'other? Or in the grave do men fee waters, trees, As I do now, and all things as I liv'd? But fure I live still: if I doe, why then Was I here buried amongst these flowers? Sure I am dead; but yet I walke and speake, And I have heard that those who once are dead. Can never use their voice, or action: But who is this I fee here? Daphnis, ha! Are you dead too, as well as I? Da. No sweet. I live to be the servant of Nerina. Ne. I, so said Hylas, whil'st I liv'd with him. Da. She thinks of Hylas still, what shall I do? Ne. But tell me Daphnis, in what place am I? Da. In Daphnis heart you live, and ever did. No. And so said Hylas, when we liv'd together. Da. O Gods againe? Nerina thinke not on him, You must love me. Ne. Must they in this new world, As they have chang'd their lives, so change their loves, I never shall do that. Da. You are deceiv'd.

You are not dead.

Ne. Not dead? how came I hither then? Da. By my device to keepe me company.

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We. But will you not declare, how I came hither?

Da. Aske me not that, but goe along with me.

Ne. Stay shepheard, whither would you have me goe?

Da. Where love and filence shall befriend us best.

Ne. But tell me Daphnis, was not I once dead?

Da. You were, but I your servant chang'd that death nto a sleepe.

Ne. I know not what you meane, an you change death into a sleepe?

Da. I can,

ist

And did for love of you.

Ne. This is a riddle,

ray let me know what you do meane by it.

Da. Come with me, and you shall.

Ne. Nay, tell me first.

Da. Then know faire shepheardesse, that when I saw My love, my services, my gifts, my vowes,

Did all returne to me without your love,

had recourse unto this Artifice,

A pleasent one of loves Invention,

Which you may well remember.

Ne. What was that?

Da. I did present you with a looking glasse.

Ne. You did, but what of that?

Da. Nothing at all.

Pray goe this way with me.

Ne. But tell me first.

Da. That cast you into this deepe lethargie:

Such

My Such was the Magicke of it. Ne. To what purpose Did you do this? Da. To make you mine. Ne. Yours, Daphnis? How could you hope that without my confent? W Da. My services I thought would merit it, Soi Besides the world not dreaming but you were An Dead, and here buried, we two might live Together without being knowne to any. Bei Ne. But could you practise tricks on those you love? Now you are paid with your owne Artifice: My For know, ther's none that can dispose of me But Hylas, who has long preferv'd my heart, And now my father, (whom I did refolve For ever to obey) has made him mine, By giving his confent, which had not bin But for this tricke of yours. Da. Why then it seemes You do not love me. Ne. Love you? know I had Sha Rather embrace my death againe, then thee. Da. Then'tis no time to dally, come along, Or I will force you. Ne. Helpe me shepheards, helpe. (thee Da. Foole, stop your mouth, no humane helpe shal fav Enter Hylas. Hy. This is the place where I am come to pay

Č

My teares first sacrifice, upon this tombe. That glories in the spoiles of all my wealth.

Ne. Hybas, come helpe me, see'it thou not that Daphnis

Will ravish me?

Hy. Ha, what doe I heare?
The voice of my Nerina? so she spake
When shee did live; but now, alas, shee's dead:
Some Devill mockes me with a vision,
And voice unto it.

Ne. Will you see me ravisht

Before your face? O Hylas! oh my Love!

Hy. Tis she, it is no vision! hold Ravisher,

My love thou canst not take without my life.

Enter Mirtillus, Montanus, Charinus.

Mi. What noise is this?

Mo. Some shreike much like a womans.

Ne. Oh helpe my love, Mirtillus.

Mi. Shepheard, hold,

Let goe this Nymph.

(thee

Da. Or death, or victory Shall crowne my enterprize.

Cha. Who makes this out-cry?

Mi. Sir, I shall coole you, if you be so hot.

Cha. My daughter here? was shee not buried? Away foule spirit, away; let's part these shepheards.

Ne. O father, do you thinke that I am dead,

lam alive, as you are; touch me, see.

Chà:

Cha. She is alive indeede: how cam'st thou hither?

Ne. Daphnis, whom you would have to be my husband.

Brought me to this supposed death and grave.

Cha. By what strange meanes, Nerina?

Ne. By the glasse

You bid me I should take: he has confest

To mee that it was poison'd.

Cha. Can it be?

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Can Daphnis doe this? he had little reason.

Da. She was a foole to crie, I should ha' pleas'd her

Ere this perhaps.

Cha. Here Hylas, take my daughter,
For she is thine: you Daphnis, I did further
In all I could, till you would finde a tricke
To put your selfe beside her.

Ne. I forgive him:

For though it was ill meant, yet did it fort. By accident unto my good.

Mo. But will

Our Lawes permit a Ravisher to live?

Hy. No, no Montanus: let him live, and envie

Our present happinesse.

Da. Cover, you Gods,

The world in publique ruine, or else shew me

A way to hide my shame.

Mo. What will he doe?

Mi. He will go hang himselfe: what plots hee had To foole himselfe with!

Mo. They that practife tricks.

Finde them as jades, that throw 'em first, then kick 'em As his has don.

Cha. Come shepheards, lets away; And solemnize these nuptials.

Mi. Stay Montanus, Did the King send for you?

Mo. Hedid.

Mi. And how? Mo. The message came from Thyrsis.

Ni. I'le goe with you:

Tis strange the King should send for you: pray heaven Thyrsis have done no mischiefe there, he's hansome, Of a good grace, and moving eloquence: Perhaps some Lady may have taken him Up for her selfe, and he, Ile lay a wager, Will be so squeamish, that if Sylvia Come in his minde, he ne're will do her reasons.

And then her plot will be how to betray him:

Would I were in his place.

Mo. I would thou wert,

So he were fafe.

Mi. I would comply, ne're feare it;
They live a heavenly life of love in Court,
To that which we do here; a Mistresse there
Will satisfie the longings of her lover,
And never trouble Hymen for the matter:
Then if they like not, they may looke else-where,

Wis

Mo. Thou wilt be punisht one day for thy mischiefe.

Mi. The mischiefe's in my tongue, I ne're do any.

Mo. No, I have heard that Stella was with childe

By thee, and thou must father it.

Mi. Who, 1?

Take me at that once, fathering of children,
And make me common father of them all:
A child's a prettie thing, and I should joy
To see one of mine owne. Ile tell thee truth
Montanus, by this hand I never lay
With any woman in my life.

Mo. How then?

You'have courted all; who is it that Mirtillus Has not profest to love?

Mi. I do confesse it,

And that is all I could do; for before
I could get earnest of any ones love,
To whom I made addresse; even she would say,
You have another mistresse, go to her,
I wil not be her stale: and so by this meanes,
Nor this, nor that would do me any reason.

Mo. You had ill lucke, it seemes, 'twas not your fault.

Mi. No, for if they would believe me, I did sweare
I had no other. Pray, Montanus, tell me,
For you have knowne the severall waies of wooing,
Which is the best, and safest?

Mo. O Mirtillus,

Gray haires have put the wilder thoughts of love

Out

Out of my head; cold blood and frozen limbes, Fright all those heates away, in place of which Discretion and sobriety should come.

Mi. But I have heard, old men doe sometimes love.

Mo. They dote, Mirtillus, give it the right name;
In old mens bloods Cupid does quench his flames.
But as we goe, He tell thee, not to love
At all is best; but if you needs must love,
Love one, and seeke no further, thou wilt finde
Enough of her; if once she prove unkinde.

SCENA 3.

Here is no way to avoide the shame of this:

Daphnis, Alcon. To Daphnis, Dorinda.

Will make me the scorn'd subject of his song.

Al. Had you bin suddaine as I counsail'd you,
You had not faild: but you young men doe never
Goethrough with any thing.

Do. For heavens sake,
Call not that wicked deede to my remembrance.
I do repent me, that I e're beganneit:
I would not for a world have ended it:
Nerina's chaste, and faire, and I a villaine.
Leave me, I pray, for something tells me, you
Did sitst advise me to this damned act.

G 2

cal.

Al. Nay, if you prize my friendship at this rate, I'le leave you to your pennance. Da. This old man Is full of malice, nothing troubles him; The ills that he has done, flie from his thoughts, And he rejoyces that he did them queintly: I have begun my youth, as if I meant To have my age so punisht as his is, Enter Dorinda. Who's this? Dorinda? I have done her wrong: I su'de for love to her first, which obtain'd, I stucke disgraces on her; let me aske Forgivenesse now, for 'twere too much to hope, That she should love one stain'd with such a deed As I have done, fo foule and impious. Do. Great love, if yet thou art not satisfied With all the wrongs I have fustain'd for thee: My blood, I hope, thy anger will appeale, Which thou maist glut thy selfe with. Da. Gentle Nymph. Do. I've beene too gentle, doe not mocke me with't: O Daphnis, is it you? this is not well, To mocke me thus; your looks when arm'd with frownes, Gave not my heart so deepe a wound as this. Da. I meane no scorne, i come to aske your pardon For what I've done already, not to heape More sinnes upon my head. Do. 'Tis very itrange. Da. But true Dorinda, will you spit upon me? Take

Take your revenge, for I have well deserv'dit.

Do. But is this serious Daphnis? oh take heed,

Cracke not my heart with such a loade of griefe

And scorne, so prest as this is; if you doe,

The Gods will punish it: for though they have

Neglected me thus long, they will revenge

Such injuries as these.

Da. My many ills

Discredit my repentance: if my words

Can finde no faith with you, believe my teares,

Indeed they are not feign'd.

Do. Even so you look't

When first you stole my heart : but I forgive you, What ere become of me; I still must love you.

Da. Forgive me first, and then I will beginne

By my endeavours and true services

To deserve something of you, if not love.

Do. There is not that hard heartednesse in man Which I did thinke, for he repents I see:

O Daphnis, if thou mean'st not this as scorne,
Take me into thine armes, and I will be
Thy slave.

Da. O say not so, let me

Rather be thine; it will be pride in me

To be ambitious of it.

Take

Do. Oh my heart !

What suddaine joy thou strik'st into it now!
But yet methinkes I feare thou dost not love me.

 G_3

Da.

What ere you can imagine; equall, above
All that I ere thought faire; and if you be
Content to hide my faults, and take me to
Your nuptiall bed, (which yet I dare not hope)
But if you will, when ere that day shall come,
Th'embraces of my love and me, shall be
Such as the Cyprian boy from our abundance,
Shall take his fires to kindle other hearts,
Yet leave with us a flame, which we will cherish,
And keepe alive unto eternitie.

Do. Women are ever credulous most then,
When knowledge of the truth would but afflict them:
I dare not now distrust you, though I knew,
What you have said, were false, it has a semblance
Of such a pleasing truth: Give me thy hand,
And take thou mine; whilst we walke thus intwin'd
I shall thinke Daphnis never was unkind.

SCENA 4.

Hat, are they dead? Is the Kings will obey'd?

Cle. No Sir, they live, and Hymen in his bands?

Has ty'd them both; the happiest knot that ere

Knit two such equal hearts, and loves together:

Oh I am ravish'd with the newes, my joy

Is greater now, then if sh'had beene the daughter

Unto our King, and I had married her.

En. I am amaz'd; pray fove thou beest not mad.

Cle.

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Cle. Somewhat exalted, Sir, beyond my my selfe, But yet not mad: Goe, Sir, unto the King, Tell him, Cleander lives to make him happy.

Eu. Sure thou wilt come unto thy felfe anon,

Prethee bethinke thee.

Cle. Yes Sir, I doe thinke,

And know that I have newes to make him live,

And you an age yet longer. Eu. This is strange.

Cle. Tis true. En. But what is true?

Cle. Tistrue, my Sifter

Shall be a Queene.

Eu. If she doe live, I thinke

She will; but yet you know we were commanded

To cut that life off.

S

le.

Cle. But your hastie sonne,

That came so speedy with a fatall message,

Wasnot to forward now; they both doe live,

And both are married. En. Jupiter forbid.

Cle. The Fates command it, 'tistheir proper worke:

The Shepheard is a Prince, your Prince, and mine,

And married to my Sister,

Eu. Ha! what's that?

Prithee digest thy troubled thoughts, and tell me

What Prince is this thou mean's? Cle. Archigenes.

En. Thou dream'st, it cannot be.

Cle. No, then come forth

Youroyall paire, and testifie your selves. Enter Thyrsis

Syl. Father, your blessing. En. Ha! and Sylvia. Cle. Nay, I've told all. G4 She;

She knowes the is your daughter: looke Sir here Here we must place our reverence. En. Who's this? Cle. Not yet? then looke upon this Circle, that You know for certaine, though you know not him. En. 'Tis it, it is the same : Archigenes Sonne of Euarchus and Eudora: This is my character, and this my feale. Thy. Sir, I have heard that by your piety. My infant life was fav'd: now by the goodnesse Deriv'd from you, unto your fonne, I have Not onely found my life, but my content, The fumme of all my hopes, this Lady here, Without whose love my life had bin a tormenc. Syl. And I the happiest maide that ever was Conducted by the power of simple love, Have found in place of him I thought a thepheard, A Princely lover. Eu. Rise Calligone: The Gods are just I see, that favoring My innocence, have brought this match about. But say Cleander, what Fate guided thee To this discovery? Cle. Sir, should I tell you, How many waies I cast to save my sister After the fatall message which I brought.

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I should be tedious, and keepe you from

What you do long to heare: In short I soone

The Supple and Holy-day.

Resolv'd to make away this royall shepheard. And knowing that in this affaire, to keepe it secret, dispatch was needefull, I commanded A servant, of whose faith and courage L Was well assur'd, to kill him in my presence. En. 'Tis strange, thou should'stbe present at a murder. Cle. 'Twas a necessity was laid upon me, Because I would be fure to see him dead, bad him choose his death, when manfully He said, he car'd not how, so he might die. knew to strangle him, was the readiest way, Which death himselfe was ready to embrace: This his fo noble refolution, Did Partle me from mine; my fervants hands Frembled for feare, or m Presaging what a sinnethey were to act: He bad him be affur dhe would not start, And often call'd him to dispatch him quickly. Syl. What man could have a heart for such a deed, And fee his faces

Cle. The Prince, before he came
To put the fatall twist about his necke,
Belought me, as I ever hop't for peace,
I should preserve the Princesse: this I promis'd,
And what bever else he would desire:
He answered, nothing now, but hasty death,
Then tripping off his doublet, I espide
With a quick eye this golden Circle here,

When

When hastily I bid my servant hold. And let him goe. He ask't me why I staid, I told him that about his necke was Sacred, He would have rent it off, but I forbadit. Eu. What did you then? Cle. Sir, I did well remember What I had heard of th' Oracle and you, Which with the computation of his yeares, I found agreeing to make up a truth Which you before affur'd me; then I ask't him, Whether he would be married to the Princesse Before he died the thought that I had mocke him! And faid, I practis'd Tyrannie upon him: Then went I to my filter, and defir'd The same of her; in fine, I saw them both Toyne hands and hearts together, but the Prince Thought this a dreame of life, which certaine death Would wake him from, untill I did assure him Of his great State, and that his love, whom now He thought to be the Princesse, was my Sister, All which I did referre unto your knowledge. Eu. This day for ever let it holy be, And you whom love has brought through deepe despaire, Unto the haven of your happinesse, Enjoy each other freely. Of you brave shepheard, (But now my Prince) I shall enquire anon Where, and with whom you liv'd. Thy. Sir, the shepheard,

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The Suppleards Holy-day.

hom I call father, stayes without; Montanus s name is, by whose gentle hands, (as he s often told me) I was rescu'd first om cold and death, fince under his kind roofe ofterd, and bred as his. Eu. Goe call him in, Enter Montanus, Mirtillus. pu're welcome both, you may applaud your fortune hat brought you fuch a Shepheard : Itay all here, hilft I goe to the King. This day will adde ore yeares unto his life, when he shall fay, o day shone brighter on Arcadia. Exit. Mon. We are both come to doe our duties to you. sbeing fent for, and Mirtillus with me, b celebrate your joyes: within a while he Shepheards and the Nymphs will all be here. Thy. My old companions shall be welcome all, s you are now; I never shall forget our courtesie, nor theirs, Syl. Nor I the Nymphs nce my deare fellowes; but you Mirtillus, hough you did fcome to love, yet could you fing Vell, if you lilted of it. Cle. Can shepheards then espise that Deity which we adore? Mi. Madam, I reverence it in you, he perfect'st patterne of a constant lover, nd in the honour of your Nuptialls have a Song, which if your Grace will heare, Iwill

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'Twill entertaine the time.

Syl. Let it be fung.

Song.

Hymen, God of marriage bed,
Be thou ever honoured:
Thou, whose torches purer light,
Deaths sad tapers did affright,
And insteed of funerall fires,
Kindled lovers chast desires:
May their love
Ever prove
True and constant: let not age
Know their vouthfull heate t'assman

Know their youthfull heate t'asswage.

Maides prepare the Genial bed,
Then come night, and hide that red
Which her cheekes, his heart does burne:
Till the envious day returne,
And the lusty bridegroome say,
I have chac'd her feares away,
And insteed
Of virgin head,

Given her a greater good, Perfection, and womanhood.

Thy. Thanks good Mirtillus, this indeed was proper. Unto your subject.

Mi. Your thrice happy match, ing but now come to my knowledge, made me ontract my selfe into a straiter roome, hen the large subject might afford.

Cle. The King.

To these, Euarchus, Eubulus.

y faithfull Councellor.

Eub. Your Majesty

er

as found me alwaies reall, but this truth ne Oracles accomplishment will prove, nat did foretell their match.

Eu. Readeit, Eubulus, nce more; and then call in my sonne and daughter.

b. If ere thy Issue Male thou liv'st to see,

The childe thou think st is thine, thine shall not bee.

En. Calligone is not my childe, proceed.

Doome him to death, yet shall he scape that Fate.

Eu. Tis true, that twice I did command his death, is thinking him a bastard, then a shepheard, or his offence; the Gods are just: Goe on.

ub. And thou shalt live to see that not long after

Thy onely sonne shall wed thy onely daughter.

Eu.

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En. This was a riddle ever till this day, 1907 . DOIL Their marriage has made it plaine. Enbulus, on soil guil 1 Callin Archigenes, and call thy daughter 191 you forum Let The faire Calligone, that I may powre My bleffings on them: And I long to fee and shit . Are Those characters, thou writh about his necke, That I may call him mine.

Eub. See typere they are.

Eu. Archigenes come neerer, for thou are A stranger yet, although thou be my sonne: The Character is plaine, it is the fame Eubulus writ to me: you heavenly powers Give me a heart that may be large enough T'expresse my joy for these, and thanks to you.

Thy. My royall father, (for I am instructed: 4 To call you so) If I have don amisse In halting to this match, I aske your pardon. Syl. And I for daring to aspire so high

Without your leave.

Eu. Rise both, you have my bleffing. But who are thefe?

Thy. This is the shepheard Sir, Who tooke meup first, whom till now I call'd Father, and he deferv'd it for his care.

En. Eubulus, this is he, Montanus, ist not? Eub. He is deliverd to me for the shepheard, Of whom your Majesty may if you please Be well inform'd of all those passages,

I leftuntold.

En. Some other time we'le heare them.

Let him be well rewarded.

Thy. Sir, these shepheards
Are come to entertaine your Majestie,
With their devices, as their custome is,
In which sometimes, untill my fortune chang'd,
I bore apart.

En. Let them be feasted all,
And studdy something new to celebrate
These Nuptials, which I will have proclaim'd
Throughout my kingdome: and Eubulus, see
That every thing be sitted for their honor.
Come let us to the Temple, that we may
With holy sacrifice appease the Gods,
Whose great decrees, though we did strive to hinder,
Yet are they now fulfill'd. It is in vaine,
I oppose the Fates, whose lawes do all constraine. Exeunt

FINIS.

The

The Snapara (sty) F

The Epilogue to the KING and QUEENE.

O you most royall paire, whose lives have brought
Vertue in fashion, and the world have taught,

That chast innocuous sports become the stage
No lesse then civil manners do the age:

We dedicate this Piece, but yet with feares,

To have displeas'd to chast, so tender eares;

Which, if you free us from, we'le call this play.
No more the Shepheards, but our Holy-day.

THYRSIS

Cl

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Reg

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THYRSIS.

A Pastorall Elegie in the person of Sir Kenelme Digby, on the Death of his Noble Lady, the Lady Venetia Digby.

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lay.

The gentlest Swaine that Arcady ere bred,

Who Thyrsis hight, the saddest of that name,

Close by a Rivers side his heavy head

Laid downe, as he with teares would fill the same,

Regarding nought that might him pleasance give,

Since what was his delight, had left to live.

And whilst that other Shepheards of his ranke,

(If any Shepheard of his ranke might be)

Plaid on their merry Pipes upon some banke,

Making the hills resound their jollity,

Hee in sad plight his woefull daies did spend,

Their joyous sports caring not to at tend.

Regardlesse of his youth, and lusty head,

H

His

An Elegie,&c.

His swelling griefe in vaine he did asfay To vent in grievous plaints, which more it fed, Whilst to the ruthle se waves he did relate The story of his losse, and heavy Fate.

You Nymphs (if any doe inhabite here) (And I have heard that Nymphs in waters dwell,) Lend to my carefull Verse a gentle eare, Whilst I, the saddest wight that ere did tell His owne mishaps, unfold to you my case In this your balefull place. If to the Sea, of which you branches are, I ever honour did, when list me change My Shepheards staffe, to seeke adventures farre In the wide Ocean, where I long did range, And brought renowne home to my native soyle, The glory of my toyle. Doe not mistake, nor offer to compare Those dayes with these, wherein my griefe exceeds The joy, which once I had, to see my faire Welcome me home, and gratulate my deeds, Which to atchieve, her grace as well did move, As did my countries love. But now with her those graces all are gone,

Weepe with me waters to make up my moane.

Gone

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An Elegie, &c.

Gone is my Love: and why then doe I fee Nature the same, as ere shee was before, Since to her making all her forces shee Wisely imploy'd, and she could give no more? Though shee should frame the most calestial mould That ere the Earth did hold, To draw from all the heads of noble blood The best, and to infuse it into one, To make a mixture of all faire and good. Rare Symmetry, and sweete proportion, Was it to shew that such a thing might be Without eternitie Is was, and wee are taught how fraile the trust Is, that wee give unto mortality, Hom soone shee is resolved into dust, Whom erst the world so beautifull did see. But you were just that tooke her, though unkinde In leaving me behinde: Alas! why was I left thus all alone? Weepe with mee waters to make up my moane.

Shee's gone, and I am here; yet doe I finde With some small joy the languishing decay Of th' other halfe, which she has left behind: For halfe of me with her shee bore away

count fo deares

H 2

Unto

An Elegie, &c. An A

Unto those fields, where shee immortall is, Heaped with heavenly bliffe. I see her faire soule in that bleffed place, Where joy for ever dwells and now I know How in a dreame she saw an Angells face, And it admiring, wisht she might be fo : Which the celestiall powers would not des So did shee sleeping dye. So did shee breake the bonds of heavy night, And when shee wak't, wak't to eternall day Where shee in formes Angelicke now is dight, And sees ber maker, and shall see for age. O happy foule, I will not thee envy, O let me rather flye Unto that ble sed place, where thou art gone Then waters, weepe no more, but end your moane

I come; yet something does retard me here,
The pledges of our love thou left'st with me:
Those whom thou living didst account so deare,
Who still with mee preserve thy memory;
For their lov'd sakes yet must I longer stay,
Then will I poste away.
Then to thy lasting name I have uprear'd
A Monument, which time shall ne're deface,

And

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An Elegie, &c.

And made the world, which as yet have not heard
Of shy rare vertues, and thy honour drace,
Keen who thou wert, and that thou wents from hence
At Natures great expence.
I hen world farewell, you I have seene enough,
And know how to despise, your vanity:
I our painted glories are of baser stuffe,
Made to detude those that with halfe eyes see:
He that's abstracted from you, stands much higher,
And greater things admire.
The waters weepe no more, here end your moane,
Then waters weepe no more, here end your moane.
This to the empty winds and waters, hee
Alas, in vaine, (they car dnot for his teares)
Did thus unfold to ease his misery:

When too, whe Mellenger of night appeares in

nd

For the felne Sun (which marn' dhim to be gone)

Chang'd to the light uncertaine of the Moone.

conficienties respondent, corde acebo

De

An Elegication

DE TVMVLO PER ILLVS

trissimum Dominum Kenelmum Digby lectissimæ conjugisuæstructo, ejusque memoriæ

dicato Epigramma.

I Ac tua chara jacet Digbeie, Veneria terra.

Oue pietate tua nobile marmorhabet.

En Parios lapides, atque hac in mole repertum

Quod Phidia potut, Rraxitelisve manus.

Aspicis ut vivunt statua, calataque docta

Ara manu, quin ut vertice & ipsa micata

Gloria defunctos si tangit posse videtura.

Credibile hoc illam velle cubare node,

Quarenti cineres respondent, corde jacebo

Conjugis, & tumulo nobiliore tegar.

Obyt 1. May, 1633

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